

THE *Canadian* FORUM

39th Year of Issue

Toronto, Ontario, September, 1959

Fifty Cents

Wanted -- Genuine Free Enterprise in TV

► THE most amazing thing about the current move to grant additional television licenses to private operators is that no one has cried "Beware!" of the danger of augmenting the trend towards monopolistic control of the media of communication. Already there is such a high degree of concentration in the ownership of newspapers, radio and television stations that if the government were to give the new licenses to these interests, there would be an alarming tendency to control by the few in a field where genuine free enterprise ought to reign.

No one would deny that the best thing for a democracy is a multiplicity of opinions and the distribution of news from as many sources as possible. Since the days of John Stuart Mill, it has been a shibboleth of democracy that truth emerges from the competition of the many not from the monopoly of the few. Yet the critical function of informing the public has been falling into fewer and fewer hands.

It is common knowledge that there has been a disturbing movement in the last fifty years towards concentration of ownership in Canadian newspapers. Not only has the number of daily papers declined absolutely by a third, from 150 in 1911 to 99 in 1958 (in spite of a doubling in population), but chain ownership has become more pronounced. The Thomson, Southam, and Sifton chains now account for 25 per cent of each day's circulation of three and a half million.

At the same time there has been considerable interlocking between newspaper proprietorship and radio and television station ownership. Roy Thomson, for example, has an interest in several Canadian radio and television stations as well as owning 24 Canadian dailies. Senator Rupert Davies is the president not only of the Kingston Whig-Standard newspaper company but also of the company operating a local radio and television station. He also presides over the corporation which runs the radio and television station in Peterborough where his son edits the local paper. These are only some of the illustrations of interlocking.

Thus far this welding together of newspapers and broadcasting outlets has been relatively small potatoes since it has been confined to less populous centres. But now that the CBC monopoly in television in large cities is to be broken the problem assumes grave proportions because publishing and radio interests are eyeing the mass television field eagerly.

In Toronto, for instance, it is reported that Roy Thomson and John Bassett, the publisher of *The Telegram*, are joining forces, confident that they will get the TV license there. Publisher Jack Kent Cooke, radio station operator Foster Hewitt, and CFRB are also after the franchise. In Ottawa the Sifton group has purchased *The Journal* and, it is rumored, is considering bidding on the television outlet. The story in Vancouver is much the same.

(Continued on back page)

Khrushchev in America

► NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV'S FORTHCOMING visit to the United States seems to be welcome on all sides. There's general agreement that as long as the FBI can ward off would-be assassins, so daring an experiment in personal diplomacy can't do much harm to the sadly sick state of Soviet-American relations, and just might do some good. The person most obviously and hugely delighted by the whole affair is Mr. Khrushchev himself. He's long been angling for an invitation to America. Now he's got it, and he's glad. He once summed up his personal philosophy in these words: "Life is short. Live it up. See all you can, and go all you can." These laudable and most un-Stalinlike ambitions have now been carried a giant step to fulfillment. Next month, barring unforeseen complications, we shall be treated to the spectacle of Mr. Khrushchev at the supermarket, Mr. Khrushchev at the filling station, Mr. Khrushchev at the New York Stock Exchange learning all about people's capitalism.

The generally accepted view is that bringing Mr. Khrushchev to America will be rather like successfully defusing a time-bomb. Dictators are always dangerous, but totalitarian dictators left to brood and plot in isolation are more dangerous still. One of the things distinguishing a modern totalitarian state like the Soviet Union from an ordinary dictatorship such as comes and goes in Latin America is the official ideology or doctrine which the regime enforces upon the society it rules. Such a doctrine comes between the ruling group and the outside world like a distorting prism. If some things don't fit, if they don't make sense, they must be made consistent with doctrine. Information which can't be made to comply with doctrinal requirements is ignored. Or it becomes suspect; and people rash enough to pass it on become suspect too. This makes good diplomacy very difficult. The dictator believes only what he wants to believe; his subordinates report to him only what they think he wants to hear. The result is an acute lack of accurate information about what the world is really like. This can be just as

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dangerous for the neighbors as for the totalitarian regime itself.

The captured diplomatic documents of the last war show very clearly how Nazi ideology led German foreign policy seriously astray. In 1943, for example, at the height of American war production, Hitler thought the entire agricultural population of the United States to be in a condition of continuous migration — an idea he'd picked up from seeing the film *The Grapes of Wrath*. Those who tried to tell him it would be foolish to base expectations of American strength on this assumption were disregarded or demoted; while those who fed the Fuhrer more palatable tales of American decadence and rising support for Germany were praised by him as "diplomats who could not be bluffed." There is no doubt that if we could look at the files of the Soviet Foreign Office they would disclose similar incidents. One is on public record. In 1946 the then communist Polish Military Attaché in Washington reported to his Soviet superiors that in his observation the American economy, so far from heading for that catastrophic collapse predicted by communist doctrine, seemed to him to be extraordinarily tough and resilient. For this prescient reading of events the Attaché received the following reply: "Your reports show that you are falling under the influence of your environment, losing to a considerable extent the feeling of objectivity in the realistic evaluation of the intentions of American policy. It would be better to analyse events rationally and critically, free from thinking habits of the capitalist world." Being a prudent fellow, the Attaché went over to the West on receiving this reprimand — which is how we've come to know of its existence. Doubtless there are many other such episodes.

It will be said at once, of course, that these are Stalinist episodes, that Mr. Khrushchev, whatever he may be, is not Stalin. Certainly there could be no greater contrast in personalities. On the one hand the secretive, paranoid Stalin of the later years, doodling wolves' heads on the stationery, seldom leaving his office or the grounds of his summer house, never leaving his country. On the other hand, the bouncy, boisterous, extroverted Khrushchev, already the world's most widely travelled dictator. He's been to Peking; he's been to New Delhi. He's sipped tea with Queen Elizabeth at Buckingham Palace, he's swilled plum brandy with Tito at Brioni. His visit to the United States will be his sixteenth journey to a foreign country since he rose to the summit of Soviet affairs five years ago. Now, travel can be broadening; but only if the traveller has at least a partly open mind. Mr. Khrushchev has a lot to learn, especially about the United States of which, if one can judge by what he says, he seems as ill-informed as Stalin ever was. Mr. Mikoyan, when he visited America some months ago, admitted at the end that it really didn't look to him after all as if the capitalists wanted war. This crucial re-evaluation was apparently never reported to Mr. Khrushchev — not, at any rate, so as to make a lasting impression on his tough and inelastic mind. The Soviet dictator still speaks, and so must be presumed to think, in the old Stalinist clichés. He talks of "ruling circles", "imperialist leaders", "class warfare". In the highly inaccurate version of the Nixon-Khrushchev debate placed before the Soviet people, he is represented as having said to the Vice President: "You are talking a great deal about freedoms, but among them is the freedom to spend the night under a bridge."

And this is why so many Americans want Mr. Khrushchev to visit their country. Let him see for himself. This is the theory and the hope: that the sight of a free and strong society going peaceably and prosperously about its business will somehow disabuse Mr. Khrushchev of his wilder misconceptions, and so make for a more tranquil world.

While welcoming the chance for this to happen, it would be foolish to count on it happening. The scales are not going to fall all that easily from Mr. Khrushchev's eyes. From the immense kaleidoscope of American life he will select those bits and pieces which best fit his own lopsided view of reality. No doubt a few Americans still have to seek out shelter under bridges. But the crucial fact that what was commonplace in 1933 is exceptional in 1959 cannot be conveyed to a sceptical visitor on the most imaginatively planned tour. The Russians, Mr. George Kennan remarked in his famous Reith lectures, "view us as one might view the inhabitants of another planet through a very powerful telescope. Everything is visible; one sees in the greatest detail the strange beings of that other world going about their daily business; but what one does not see and cannot see is the motivation that drives them on these various pursuits." A fortnight in the States will not really bring Mr. Khrushchev much closer to the heart of things; it will take longer than that and more than that to make him disenchanted with his own peculiar image of American life in which he has so great a vested interest.

The real benefit of bringing Khrushchev to America may lie in quite a different direction. A good many prominent Americans have been altogether too craven about admitting their rivals to their midst. They've acted as if Mr. Khrushchev had only to address a few Chambers of Commerce, slap some Detroit autoworkers on the backs, for the American people to go over to communism then and there. They need to be shown otherwise. Mr. Khrushchev's visit will result in a demonstration by the American people to themselves and to the world that an open society has nothing to hide or fear from exposing its institutions to a visitor who can be expected to put everything he sees in the worst possible light. That should exert an invigorating and much needed influence upon national self-confidence.

What about President Eisenhower's own intercontinental mission to follow? That could have much the same tonic effect upon the nation's mood. Americans have always been overly upset by travelling Presidents, especially those who cross the Atlantic, where it is feared they will fall into the clutches of wily European politicians. There are still Americans who believe that most of their difficulties in foreign affairs stem from sending a sick and dying President to Yalta with traitors in his entourage. The persistence of this ugly myth has for much too long cramped the style of American diplomacy. Mr. Eisenhower has roused himself rather late in the day. But there is still time enough in his presidency to infuse foreign policy with a purpose and flexibility we haven't seen since the Marshall Plan.

JAMES EAYRS



Church and State in Canadian Education

By C. B. Sissons. A clear, straightforward and objective statement which places the development of education in Canada, by Provinces, in its historical framework. The author makes clear how the essential features of our various systems have evolved. Should be required reading for statesmen, both secular and ecclesiastical, educationists, lawyers and historians. \$6.50.

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Current Comment

The Social Credit Future

The practical elimination of the opposition parties in the June election in Alberta by a government which has enjoyed power for twenty-four years refutes every text-book generalization about the declining majorities of governments long in office, and appears to confirm many of the propositions so brilliantly argued in C. B. Macpherson's *Democracy in Alberta*. Have the petit bourgeoisie, financed by the oil and gas bourgeoisie, given the "quasi-party system" a stronger hold on life than ever and driven one more nail in the coffin of liberal-democracy in Alberta? It is hard to think otherwise.

Premier Manning has expressed concern about the functioning of the Legislature with only three members on the opposite side of the House, each belonging to a different group, but few Social Creditors can be losing much sleep over the problem. For they, and their predecessors in the "group government" wing of the U.F.A., labored for years to teach the electors of Alberta that "non-party government" was more efficient and purer than the incompetence of mere politicians. However, 44% of the voters failed to learn this lesson and voted against Social Credit in the recent election; 24% of the popular vote went to the Conservatives, although they elected only one member; the rest was divided mainly between the Liberals and the CCF. As long as the opposition vote is spread among three parties it will take a very substantial swing toward one of them to threaten the Manning government, and the current although half-hearted talk of a Liberal-Conservative coalition recognizes this fact. At the moment it is hard to see an issue around which a new opposition party can be organized or an old one revitalized.

Although the governments of Alberta and British Columbia have recently been in disagreement over northern development, Premier Bennett was visibly elated by the results of the Alberta election; after the demolition of the party federally every proof that a product labelled "Social Credit" still sells well provincially is welcome. The Bennett government need not appeal to the voters until 1961 but the premier appears to be planning an election in 1960 and his administration begins to display that extra sensitivity which precedes the popular verdict. Thus the province's gift to the Queen took the form of a cash bonus of \$25 to every old age pensioner receiving the provincial supplementary allowance and every head of a family receiving social assistance, plus \$5 to each dependent; the total cost of these payments was \$1.5 million. In recent weeks public entertainment at government expense reached new refinements at the bond-burning ceremonies at Kelowna. On occasion "government by showmanship" backfires, as it did at a recent Social Credit rally when a recital of his government's achievements by Premier Bennett was followed immediately by a solo from Mr. Gagliardi, the Minister of Highways, who is also a Pentecostal minister and gospel singer, called "He Knows Every Little Lie We've Told".

While the press and the opposition political parties are united in proclaiming the patent fallacies of the government's bookkeeping, and in reminding the public that it is still responsible for a provincial debt, direct and indirect, of close to half a billion dollars, the premier promises that "the debt-free sixties" will be even more prosperous than the

years of Social Credit rule since 1952. High in priority for the next decade is a road building program unequalled in the history of North America, according to the government. Not satisfied simply with developing British Columbia, Mr. Bennett, in a moment of expansionist provincial imperialism last month, offered to annex most of the Mackenzie River area of the North-West Territories to British Columbia in return for the maintenance, once it is paved, of the 600 miles of the Alaska Highway which runs through the province. When neither the Territories nor the Dominion government showed any enthusiasm for this project, Mr. Bennett, in a generous spirit, announced that he would "agree" to withdraw his offer.

One looks in vain for weaknesses in the government's position, or in its clever public relations, which could produce a sharp decline in public support. The possible political repercussions of this summer's investigation of British Columbia's mental health services, conducted by Dr. Mathew Ross, medical director of the American Psychiatric Association, are probably not great. Although the briefs so far submitted to Dr. Ross show shocking inadequacies in the services and fully document CCF charges that the government "starves" some of the social services of both personnel and physical facilities, the number of persons who feel strongly about this may not be great enough to cost the government many votes; most of them are already in the opposition parties.

It is also doubtful that the government's relation to the IWA strike will alter many political sympathies. While professing complete neutrality the premier and his minister of labor gave advice freely to both sides in the dispute. The most remarkable personal intervention on the part of the premier was his public statement that the forest industries could well afford to pay immediate wage increases of 12 cents an hour, although the companies had just declared that they could not. While the trade unions enjoyed management discomfiture over this, the premier's intervention can have done little to win friends among unionists; such gestures are unlikely to weaken their hostility to the restrictive labor legislation of Bill 43, whose repeal, through the election of a CCF government, remains the major objective of the British Columbia Federation of Labor. On the other hand Mr. Bennett can afford to annoy management; faced with the fact that the CCF is still the most likely alternative to Social Credit, in spite of current Liberal and Conservative attempts at revival, the large corporations which have contributed to the government's campaign funds in the past can have no reason for changing their allegiance. At frequent intervals the premier reminds the province that his government is the only live option to socialism; in this, and in his apparent desire to make the labor issue the primary battle-

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ground of the next election, he is probably on strategically sound ground.

The undiminished vigor of Social Credit in Alberta and British Columbia raised speculation about the possibility of fresh efforts to form a national party. But neither Mr. Manning nor Mr. Bennett shows any disposition to leave the security of Edmonton and Victoria for the uncertainties of a march on Ottawa and there is no one else in the party who begins to approach their capacity for leadership. Moreover, there is at present no issue which could provide the necessary focus. Although there is some discontent in British Columbia with the power policies, and in both provinces with the gas and oil policies, of the Dominion government, this is unlikely to be serious unless the new National Energy Board embarks on a course which nobody anticipates. In any case, the sectional interests of western gas and oil producers can scarcely be the basis for a national party.

MARGARET PRANG

Aftermath of an Incident — Newfoundland

During the trouble in the Newfoundland woods, I wrote an article in this journal giving some of the background of the dispute. The time is now at hand for an assessment of the whole affair.

I think it is safe to say that the I.W.A. has lost all chance of entering Newfoundland in the near future. The decisive stroke of decertification has been augmented by a public statement by the two companies concerned that they will close down their mills rather than deal with the I.W.A. In any event many features of the situation unknown to me at the time I discussed the strike have now come to light and should be noted.

First, it should be pointed out that I was mistaken in my suggestion that one "socially responsible group", the conciliation board, had suggested that the demands of the union were reasonable. In reading the report, one is struck by its weaknesses, weaknesses so *glaring* that the board itself wrote a supplemental report explaining what was meant. It was on the basis of the supplemental report that the company found itself unable to accept the recommendations. When the company pointed out just what the supplemental recommendations would mean, the chairman of the Conciliation Board then said that the board didn't really know what it had recommended: "If it can be shown to your satisfaction [letter addressed to the Minister of Labor] that the effect of the Board's recommendation is to impose an additional annual cost of \$1,200,000 . . . as asserted . . . then I consider it to be my duty to ask that the parties be notified that such was not the intention of the Board." This unbelievable sequence suggests that the Board cannot be considered to be socially responsible, in fact, is not responsible at all.

Second, it appears that the Union erred in its tactics, and made it possible for the company to argue (convincingly) that dealing with the union would be condoning lawlessness. Apparently, at least one of the organizers, when the strike was called, advised the members of the union to stay in their bunks, in the camps, making the members lawbreakers through trespass. Such flagrant abuse of power could hardly go unchallenged. Now everyone knows that many laws are broken in a strike, but rarely does the union *advise* illegal behaviour, at least as flagrantly as this.

So much for the background, it is now time to assess the results. The Newfoundland situation has declined in import-

ance as far as the I.W.A. is concerned, at least for the moment. B.C. troubles are taking up all the time and energies of the union. Only a remnant of the original membership continues on in Newfoundland (and some of these "faithful" have never been in the bush, seeing in this dispute a chance to benefit at the expense of gullible people who make donations in the cause of labor — a new form of camp follower). The new union is solidly entrenched, received what (apparently) the conciliation board recommended without the supplemental report (the company had practically agreed to grant this when the I.W.A. were still in the picture), Mr. Smallwood is even stronger and now has some support in the more conservative 'anti-labor' group, a group that he had bitterly antagonized with his Compulsory Saturday Closing Law in St. John's (passed at the request of the clerks and their unions). What now remains of the dispute?

By and large, Newfoundland is left with a poorly drafted and inadequately considered labor law, the weaknesses of which have been pointed out by Dr. Forsey in this journal. But the dangers in the legislation are more apparent than real — Mr. Smallwood is much too astute to lose public sympathy, not only in Newfoundland but also in Canada, by abusing the powers granted in the legislation.

No, the lasting good and bad results of the dispute must be looked for in the general attitude towards labor and of labor.

Many Canadians were getting uneasy about the lack of social responsibility of unions. The action by Mr. Smallwood has shown unions that they must consider carefully both their strategy and their tactics if they are to win desirable wages and working conditions for their members. In particular it has suggested that the interests of labor are not likely to rule if they conflict too much with the interests of the local membership and the local society. It has also suggested to the citizenry that through government and the law there is a check on undesirable union activity, and that any irrational fear of the labor's strength is unwarranted. But there are dangers in these attitudes. Rank and file members may grow to expect the government to keep labor leaders in check, and such an attitude is highly undesirable in a democratic organization depending on enlightened electors, the sort of organization typical of most unions. If union membership begins to believe that government will see that union leadership is not irresponsible, the life will have gone out of the labor movement. And if the average citizen begins to think that government will look after his social interests, the necessity for union leadership to explain labor's interests to the public may disappear, also undesirable in a democratic form of organization. But on the whole, Mr. Smallwood's actions have had a salutary effect, although many feel that a Premier of a province is hardly the man to assist in the organization of a union. This smacks of misuse of office, although conditions in Newfoundland are sufficiently unique to modify this judgment.

Only one puzzling aspect of the affair remains to be considered. How could the I.W.A. have adopted such an idiotic strategy? Newfoundland has two major industries — one which *must* be seasonal (fishing) and one which can be seasonal (logging). Anyone will recognize that a few months of fishing will not support a family, especially inshore fishing. Only by developing two complementary seasonal industries can an adequate income be earned. But the I.W.A. announced a long run plan of a permanent core of full-time loggers numbering about 3,000 as against the 17,000 to 23,000 part-time logger-fishermen now employed. Such a scheme was bound to be objectionable to the Newfoundland government and certain to disrupt the whole

economy of Newfoundland; in fact, it suggests the United Mine Workers programme, so well evaluated in the following succinct statement from a miner: "... It's done a lot of good for the ones that are working, but it sure played hell with us who ain't got jobs."

G. K. GOUNDRY

A Canadian Literary Review

Canadian literary reviews and little magazines since the war have generally been either nondescript or ominous in their titles: sometimes both. A "delta" is notorious for accepting all the flotsam and jetsam offered to it by a muddy river, a "prism" disperses all the colors of the rainbow without selection, a "fiddlehead" comes from a fern named after that most earth-bound of birds, the ostrich, a "tamarack" flourishes best in a swamp, the value of "combustion" depends a lot on what's being burned, etc. The exceptions were Alan Crawley's *Contemporary Verse* and John Sutherland's *Northern Review*, both long extinct, but certainly the best exceptions any rule could have. Many of these magazines published reviews and criticism of Canadian writing, although in a pretty sporadic way; wider coverage was left to *The Canadian Forum*, the University Quarterlies, and, in particular, to the annual survey "Letters in Canada" of the *University of Toronto Quarterly*. But to none of them, big or little, was the appraisal of Canadian writing more than a sideline.

The new quarterly which the University of British Columbia starts to publish this September will be "devoted exclusively" to the consideration of "writers and writing in this country", according to its editor, George Woodcock. The title is hardly nondescript: *Canadian Literature, a Quarterly of Criticism and Review*. Whether you find it ominous or not will depend on your response to "Canadian" as a literary term. The editor is not entirely reassuring when he decries cultural nationalism and adds: "critical standards, to be of any use, have to be as near universal as possible." If there's anything duller than mere parochialism, it's the application of universal standards to Canadian literature. And in criticism you can easily reach the point where the more universal your standards the less useful they become. But in practice what Mr. Woodcock seems to mean is that, while the writers and writing reviewed will be exclusively Canadian, the reviewers won't. We can expect to find English reviewers, like Roy Fuller and Peter Quennell (or better, one hopes), applying their standards, and Americans, like Dwight Macdonald, applying theirs, in addition to the homegrown variety. This is certainly all to the good and should help to make the magazine "fresh and controversial." (I wonder what would happen to a magazine these days if it announced its intention of being "sound and solid.") Other features will be "a section devoted to comment and controversy on literary events and issues," articles of reassessment on writers of established reputations, and an annual bibliography of books and articles "dealing with Canadian literature that may appear in magazines in this country and abroad." Rumor has it that the editor even plans to devote an entire issue to the Canadian drama. If *Canadian Literature* does even a few of these things well, it will be very much worth reading.

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Canadian Calendar

- On July 15th the Commons gave final reading to the bill which authorizes the Cabinet to make regulations assuring the humane slaughter of food animals.
- The radio and electrical engineering division of the National Research Council in Ottawa has developed a device which will automatically raise the flag on a pole at dawn, lower it at dusk, and fly it at half-mast when necessary.
- In a survey of 321 firms divided into 14 groups, six of the groups succeeded in increasing their net profit in 1958 despite the general downward trend. These groups were the milling and grain companies, a 22.4% gain, merchandisers, 20%, public utilities, 6%, and construction companies, 5.2%. All groups increased their net worth and nearly all had gains in working capital.
- Nineteen representatives from the navy, army, RCAF and Defense Research Board are scheduled to fly to Caldwell, New Jersey, September 2nd to examine an air-car, developed by the Curtiss-Wright Corp., which travels on a cushion of low-pressure, low-velocity air, at a height of six to twelve inches over land, water, swamps or mud. Among those who have expressed interest in the air-car are officials of the Northern Affairs Department.
- Jean Antoine Chapdelaine, former Canadian Ambassador to Sweden, has been appointed Canadian Ambassador to Brazil.
- Dr. H. B. Hilton, associate secretary of the Canadian Medical Protective Association, has revealed that over a period of six years, in Canada alone, surgeons have left 19 needles, 35 sponges, 5 pairs of forceps and 17 miscellaneous objects in the bodies of patients during operations. He suggested that all sponges should have a radio-opaque tag so that they would show up on X-rays.
- At the next session of Parliament, a committee of Senators and MPs will hold hearings on a Bill of Rights. The bill will not be sent to the committee until it has received second reading in the Commons; the responsibility of the committee, and of the interested individuals and organizations who are making representations, will be limited to the terminology of the bill, which, in turn, will be limited to the scope of federal jurisdiction.
- Asian students, whether British subjects or not, may not spend more than four years in Canada for educational purposes.
- Canada's birth rate per thousand population declined in 1958 from 28.3 in 1957 to 27.6. The marriage rate was 7.7, the lowest since 1936. These were offset by the lowest death rate in Canada's history and one of the lowest in the world — 7.9 per thousand population. The natural increase in population rose from 332,514 to 334,917.
- The Board of Broadcast Governors has given permission to the CBC to separate its FM programming from its other radio broadcasting services in Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal. But the Board deferred for 3 months a decision on the CBC's request to link the three stations in an FM network.
- The Tariff Board has been returned to its full strength of five with the appointment of two new members — Louis Audette, chairman of the Canadian Maritime Commission and member of the Northwest Territories Council, and Eldon Crooks Gerry, chartered accountant, of Prince Albert, Saskatchewan — each for a ten-year term.

- An amendment to Manitoba's Child Welfare Act has empowered the courts, in cases where a minor is in danger of death or serious injury for want of medical care, to waive the 14 days' notice to the parents of the Government's intention to seek custody. The courts are authorized to call in three medical practitioners to advise on the degree of the danger, but this is not a requirement.
- Canadian exports in the first half of 1959 rose in value, but the physical volume dropped a fraction below that of 1958. Exports to the U.S. and Japan were increased, while sales to Britain and other Commonwealth countries were down.
- On July 31st the release was announced of 77 Freedomite children who had been living in provincial dormitories in the custody of the B.C. government for periods up to five years. The release was granted on the promise of the Doukhobor parents to send their children to public schools. The children are to remain wards of the superintendent of child welfare.
- The number of paralytic polio cases in Canada for the first seven months of 1959 total 137; in the same period last year there were 46.
- Revenue Minister Nowlan has announced that on September 15th the Government will abandon the present policy of granting a monopoly of service either to the CBC or to private interests in any given area. The Board of Broadcast Governors has decided on the requirements which stations must meet, and it is likely that private TV stations will be established in the large centres of population by early 1960.
- Ian N. McKinnon, chairman of the Alberta Oil and Conservation Board, has been appointed chairman of Canada's National Energy Board for a two-year period.
- The Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation has awarded 12 fellowships, each worth \$1,500, for postgraduate study in Community Planning. Five of the recipients will study at the University of British Columbia, three at the University of Toronto, two at McGill University and two at the University of Manitoba.

Tibet and Autonomy

F. C. Langdon

► DURING THE PAST FEW MONTHS world attention has been attracted by the uprising against Communist China in Tibet and the dramatic flight of the religious ruler, the Dalai Lama. The formal status of Tibet has remained unchanged. It is autonomy under the suzerainty or sovereignty of China. Autonomy, however, has proved to be an extremely flexible term which in actual practice has covered almost complete independence as well as almost complete subservience during the past ten years. When China was weak as it has been most of this century, Tibet has had

substantial freedom of action. During World War II it established a bureau of foreign affairs, but the Chinese Nationalist representative in Tibet refused to deal with it, unlike an American military mission which did so. In 1948 in an effort to broaden foreign contact a Tibetan trade mission visited India, the United States, and Britain. Just ten years ago on July 8, 1949 when the Nationalists were weakening in China, the Tibetan cabinet felt strong enough to expel the Chinese representatives in Tibet on the excuse that there were Communists among them.

The Chinese Communist regime patronized the traditional religious rival of the Dalai Lama, the Panchen Lama, who lived in exile in China. The Peking authorities announced that they were determined to liberate Tibet from the imperialist influence of Britain and the United States, perhaps fearing these countries would criticize them over Tibet, or give some support to the Tibetans. China demanded that representatives be sent to negotiate and denounced Tibetan moves to keep their independence.

The Tibetans hastily improved their army to fight the Chinese, but finally decided to send a mission to meet the Chinese in Hongkong. Though the Tibetan delegates stated they would demand unconditional independence, it was feared they would be compelled to yield and the British government refused to grant visas to go to Hongkong. While the delegation was delaying in India, the Chinese crossed into Tibet on October 7, 1950 to settle the question by force.

India reacted sharply on October 28th by sending a note to China in which it was asserted that China "has no justification whatever" in invading Tibet. China said that the matter was a domestic concern and no foreign interference would be tolerated. India replied that she had no political or territorial ambitions and acknowledged the suzerainty of China, but asked that the traditional autonomy be retained. The traditional autonomy as Nehru had observed was one under purely nominal Chinese authority.

Chou En-lai, foreign minister and premier of China, replied that China would occupy all of Tibet. One Peking newspaper stated that British and American imperialists had been making energetic attempts to maintain control of Tibet so that it could be used as a continental base for invasion of China. This view may actually have been held, for the United Nations had just authorized the forces under American command in Korea to proceed as far as the border of China to unify Korea. The United Nations resolution was passed on October 7, the time of the Tibetan invasion. It was from this time that Chinese forces began to appear in North Korea.

The Tibetans were encouraged by the American and British response to the Korean crisis to send an appeal to the United Nations. The Tibetan cabinet and assembly said, "The armed invasion of Tibet for the incorporation of Tibet within the fold of Chinese Communism through sheer physical force is a clear case of aggression. As long as Tibet is compelled by force to become a part of China against the will and consent of her people, the present invasion of Tibet will be the grossest instance of the violation of the weak by the strong." If Britain or the United States had any intention of supporting Tibet, they failed to do so through the United Nations or otherwise.

When it became clear that no help was forthcoming, Tibet finally dispatched another delegation which negotiated a seventeen point agreement on May 23, 1951 for the peaceful liberation of Tibet, as it was inappropriately called. It provided that the "Tibetan people shall unite and drive out imperialist aggressive forces from Tibet, and shall return to the big family of the Motherland—the People's Republic

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of China." It is not clear just what forces these were. The Chinese army was to enter Tibet to "strengthen national defense" and to absorb Tibetan troops. The political and religious system was to be preserved unaltered and the local government permitted to carry out needed reform. The return of the Panchen Lama was to be accepted.

It remained for India to acknowledge the actual transformation of Tibet into an integral part of China, whose troops now guarded the border of India. Negotiations between India and China were concluded after four months on April 29, 1954 when an agreement on trade and travel between India and the "Tibet region of China" was signed in Peking. The agreement contained the five principles of peaceful coexistence which have since become famous as the model for peaceful relations between China and other Asian states regardless of the differences in political beliefs. The Geneva agreement on Indo-China was reached about this time and events moved toward a solution of the Korean war. The agreement on Tibet thus appeared to be an acceptance of the status quo as far as the Indian-Chinese frontier was concerned and even perhaps a toleration of the general situation in Asia for the time being. It seemed, therefore, to end any chance of greater Tibetan independence by virtue of conflict of her neighbors.

The Dalai Lama was so dissatisfied with Chinese control in Tibet that he considered seeking asylum in India as early as 1956. The dissatisfaction was also felt by many others, which resulted in a number of uprisings, the most serious in 1959. On March 10 thousands of people gathered to prevent the Dalai Lama from attending a cultural show at the Chinese military headquarters. On March 17 after several days of demonstrations in the capital, the Tibetan cabinet and assembly decided that the Dalai Lama should flee to India to escape Chinese influence. On March 20 the Chinese took military action to bring the revolt to an end. The Chinese believe that the Dalai Lama was taken away under duress. This belief provides an opportunity for the Dalai Lama to return. Of all the minorities of China, the Tibetans and Mongolians occupy some of the most extensive border regions of China where the Dalai Lama is the most revered religious leader. His cooperation would be valuable in pacifying unrest among the minorities.

When the Dalai Lama reached India he denounced China for failure to preserve Tibetan autonomy: "In 1951 under pressure of the Chinese government, a seventeen-point agreement was made between China and Tibet. In that agreement the suzerainty of China was accepted as there was no alternative left to the Tibetans. But even in the agreement it was stated that Tibet would enjoy full autonomy. Though the control of external events was to be in the hands of the Chinese government, it was agreed that there would be no interference by the Chinese government with the Tibetan religion and customs and her internal administration. In fact, after the occupation of Tibet by the Chinese armies, the Tibetan government did not enjoy any measure of autonomy, even in internal affairs." The Indian prime minister met the Dalai Lama and said he was under no duress but was free to return or do as he wished. He stated in the Indian parliament that the agreement on the autonomous status of Tibet was not kept by China, and that China undertook armed intervention in what appeared to be national revolt affecting more than the upper-class leaders in Tibet.

China considers Tibet to have an oppressive serf system urgently requiring reform. Many Tibetan nobles and serfs may wish to return to the conditions prior to the Communist invasion of nine years ago. The Dalai Lama would like to nationalize and distribute some of the land to its users, but feels he has been prevented by Chinese control which has now put an end to these Tibetan hopes of independent

action. Outside Tibet, in India nearly all the Indian parties except the Communist have condemned China's harsh treatment of Tibetan nationalism with the result that the good feeling between India and China since 1954 has been reduced. India may even be more inclined toward the Western powers as a result. States such as Burma which once acknowledged the suzerainty of China may wonder if they will be secure. On the other hand, should Tibet make progress under China while her neighbors do not, China may even become more attractive as will her methods. The rest of the world will feel the effects either way in the long run.

Notes from a Berlin Diary

Wendy Michener

► THE HOUSE I WAS SENT TO had over thirty rooms and a front gate that locked with a key. It was one of those elegant houses built when Grünewald was the district of the fashionable rich.

The house had survived the war, but its status had not. Below the main doorbell were five lesser ones with name plates. I rang the one marked Frau E and quickly a gaunt woman of about fifty appeared and rushed me through the main hall to her private quarter. Her landlady didn't allow sub-letting, she whispered, gesturing towards the upper floors of the house, so I would just be a visiting friend of the family. She showed me a high-ceilinged room of a size suitable to the original one-family-with-servants purpose of the house. It had a bay with four tall windows looking onto the street.

"How much can you pay?" she asked. She mentioned a figure and when I did not grasp immediately corrected it to a higher figure. I paid in advance and she tiptoed out, saying "Schön, schön".

* * * *

The four lots across the street all held parts of houses. The corner lot, a weed haven, had only two six-foot brick pillars with the bronze sign "Mister F., Doctor" on the left one. The paths made by children, tramps, dogs and other adventurers scorned the central gates and entered conveniently from the sides. The house on the next lot was a two-storeyed skeleton. From the front steps I could look through the bomb-holes to the water tank dangling by a pipe from the second storey, and through all the windows and other holes to the sky. There was a shoe by the side of the house, but everything else had been cleaned away. I couldn't get to look at the third house because it was surrounded by barbed fence and a notice declared that some company was keeping a constant watch over it. This was the beginning of a house: built of concrete, low, wide, modern style and only one storey high. I never found out why the building was stopped. The fourth piece of house was lived in. In the middle of an outline in ruins of a house, two intact rooms, one above the other, hugged the side of a four-storeyed chimney. I once saw the old woman who lived there walking her dog up and down the neglected garden.

When I was about to undress the first night, I discovered there were no curtains for my wide windows. "What does it matter?" said Frau E. "There is nobody opposite."

* * * *

As you proceed from the Grünewald to the main street of West Berlin, called Kurfürstendamm, there is a marked change in the landscape. The mocking bits and pieces of houses — a Greek colonnade here, a commanding balcony there — these souvenirs and the bullet-pocked walls give way to geometrical twenty-storeyed apartment blocks and

streamlined, concrete office buildings. The kind of thing that the mayor smiles in front of on election posters with the motto: "Berlin needs Willy Brandt." The whole Kurfürstendamm seems to be a piece of ad copy for the Western way of life. The fruits of free enterprise, high fashion, jewellery, furs, wines and other luxury goods, are displayed in glass cases that sit out in the middle of the wide sidewalks on either side of the eight-laned boulevard. A window-shopper's Garden of Eden. Every second block there is a stall selling "heisse Würstchen", hot sausages of ten different kinds. But even here in the centre of reconstruction you can't escape ruins entirely. The remains of the church in memory of Kaiser Wilhelm I, a spireless tower, dominates the junction of the Kurfürstendamm and Tauentzien Street and casts its ragged shadow down the street of prosperity. Even the big department store Kaufhaus des Westens (Shop of the West) is overshadowed by the majesty of that grim shape thrust up stubbornly in the middle of the downtown area, forcing all the traffic to detour around it. Only at night can the street escape the reminder, as darkness covers everything but the neon night life.

* * * *

Two American teen-age girls came into the record shop on the Kurfürstendamm. An English-speaking salesgirl came up to them.

"Well, this probably sounds kind of silly", one of them giggled, "but we wanted to get a record of that song, I don't know what it's called, but it goes 'Doitsland, Doitsland, oober a-aa-lles'. I can't sing it very well." More giggles. "But do you know the one I mean?"

"Certainly, miss. Would you like a choral or an orchestral arrangement?" The attendant efficiently showed them into a listening booth, picking up five or six records on her way.

In the booth next door a man of sixty sat smoking his pipe and listening with a smile on his face to the hit pop tune: "I am so homesick for the Kurfürstendamm . . ."

* * * *

At the American Forces centre and home of American Express there is a continuous line-up to the mailing desk for Christmas parcels. At the post box outside a sign says: "United States Forces Mail. No loitering near these boxes." At the px store inside a sign says: "Soldiers not in uniform must show their passes on entering." The toilets, North American style, are free.

Three young girls in pony-tails came in. "Gee Di, I forgot my American money, can you lend me a dime till we get home?" They went to the generous comic book section of the newsstand and spent half an hour choosing. A young boy ran through in cowboy hat and pants, looking for his daddy.

The underground station next to the American centre is one of the new suburban stops where the tracks come into the open between steep slopes of well-cultivated grass. As I waited outside in the breeze of the platform a woman came up to read a poster beside me. She was about forty, plain, with a skin the color of newspaper. She took a pencil out of one of her two handbags and copied something on a scrap of paper. The poster (with pictures) read: "These children are looking for their parents."

2469—Name: unknown. First name: unknown. Born about 1944. Eyes: blue. Hair: blonde. The little girl was found in April 1945 in the Kammersdorf woods by a severely wounded soldier. She was lying between dead women and children. The soldier died soon after.

258 — Name: unknown. First name: unknown (may be Manfred). Born about 1943. Eyes: greyblue. Hair: dark blonde. The boy came with 8 other children into

a home in 1945. When he first saw himself in a mirror he said: "That's Manfred."

2984 — Name: unknown . . .

* * * *

The Hallesches Tor wasn't a rich district to begin with. Now it is also heavily damaged by bombing, far more heavily than the Grönwald district, and neglected by reconstruction because it is so near to the Soviet zone. The shops are all in basements and specialize in second-hand goods. The children run around in their parents' cut-down cast-off clothes, looking even skinnier than they are in their patched, loose-fitting garments.

I visited a school there to interview the headmaster. The school was a pre-both-wars building with a large inner courtyard and a monastic atmosphere. The headmaster, also pre-both-wars, spent the first fifteen minutes of our talk looking for a pencil, which had escaped his rigid neatness.

Near the school is the old Ruhalter train station. The tracks are still inside but it has no roof and the moss climbs up its brick back to meet the weathered green statues of full-bodied nymphs: a new German Gothic in the tradition of the ruined castles on the Rhine.

* * * *

You cannot phone directly from West to East Berlin. On the streets of West Berlin there is nothing to indicate that East Berlin exists. But for the price of a phone call you can go into East Berlin on any public transport, and in the main stations of the S-Bahn, theatre posters from both sides compete for attention.

I got on a train from East Germany, which was now on its way through West Berlin, and would proceed via East Berlin and another corner of West Berlin back into East Germany. By mistake I got on a carriage marked: "For Mothers with Children Only. Travelling with Dogs Not Allowed", and found myself between two of those solid-looking German baby-carriages, more like a miniature truck than a cradle on wheels, and two equally solid-looking mothers. The one father sat back in masculine superiority while the two women eyed each other's carriages under pretext of fussing with baby.

We pulled slowly into a station and I asked in foreigner's German was this Friedrichstrasse. The father said it was. I got up to leave. He hastened after me, panic on his face. "This station is in the democratic sector," he said. I thanked him and got off.

* * * *

The sensation of other world was immediate. There was a whole new range of newspapers and magazines, the sausage stall carried the sign: "Nothing Served Without Personal Identity Card", to warn away any West Berliner who might be so foolish as to think he could get away with using the East marks he bought in the West at a rate of four to one. The only things East marks will buy for non-residents of East Germany are transport, newspapers and some books. The station was full of different uniforms, with women workers in greater prominence. Outside there were few people, and even fewer cars, scooters or bicycles.

There are almost no new buildings in the Friederichstrasse district and the only decorative touches are the red slogan banners running along the tops of houses. The once graceful boulevards of the Unter den Linden are bleak, bare, charmless. And yet just a few hundred yards away, beside the River Spree where a fish-seller's barge is moored, with his washing hanging out despite the seagulls, the Berliner Ensemble plays every night in the Theatre am Schiffbauerdamm. And that is a spectacle just as exciting to see as the bare boulevards are depressing.

* * * *

"Where are you going?" the man at the theatre gate asked.

"I'm going to the rehearsal", I said.

"Not today."

"I have permission from Frau . . ."

"Listen, where do you come from anyway?" he asked.

"I'm from Canada." I dug for my passport.

"Oh." He looked at me very carefully. "Well, there's no rehearsal today. Everything's closed. It's a holiday. We're celebrating the revolution today."

As I walked back to the station people were carrying great branches of pine trees and wreaths made up with cones and ribbons. At the entrance to the underground a grey nun stood holding a round can with a slot in the top of it. Her face had turned pink and her eyes had gone watery in the wintry wind as she stood shaking the can.

I went deeper into the East, into the Moscow-style built-up area, to take in a movie along with the holiday crowd. The underground station where I got off had a glass display case, a lot like the ones on the Kurfürstendamm. Inside were government published books and pamphlets. Titles: "The Sputnik and the Dear God"; "Faith or Knowledge?"; "Modern Science and Religion"; and "The Vatican and Neo-Fascism."

* * * *

I left "democratic" Berlin and returned to "free" Berlin. In democratic Berlin there were posters and banners everywhere celebrating the heroes of the unsuccessful German revolution of 1918. In free Berlin the buildings were all decorated with Christmas tree lights and laughing Santa Claus.

In democratic Berlin I had to be handled by the manager of the bookstore because I came from Canada. In free Berlin I went into the bank to cash a traveller's cheque and gave the clerk fifteen minutes of panic when he came across the USSR visa in my passport.

In democratic Berlin I bought a weekly magazine with a cartoon of Adenauer as a spider in the middle of a swastika-shaped web. In free Berlin I bought a weekly magazine with a cartoon of Khrushchev as a pig.

As I walked by the Zoological Gardens a fat German woman in kerchief overtook me. Child in one hand, bursting paper shopping bag in the other, she wanted to know the way to Goethe Street. "I'm from the East" she explained as I looked it up on my map, "and I don't know the streets over here."

* * * *

My landlady's favorite topic of conversation as she watched me eat her home-cooking was, what is going to happen to Berlin. Almost everyday she asked me this question as though she expected me to have some inside information. "How long do you think it will last," she would ask, looking as though she would pack her bags on the instant if I gave the word.

"If the Russians take over West Berlin, I think I might as well hang myself," she said, and her cigarette hand trembled.

Her niece laughed embarrassedly. She was eight months with child and had spent most of the war safely in Sweden.

"The Russian soldiers were terrible. Like animals. Not a single woman was safe from them, not a single woman. Our troops at least were well behaved."

Her niece gave an ironic snort, and said she didn't think the German soldiers had behaved like any nursemaids.

Frau E, who had a son in the wine business, became quite excited. "Oh, I know there was the occasional brute, of course," she said, "but the German soldier was brought up to act better than those Russians. Our troops can't have been that bad."

"When the Russians came into Berlin, that was the worst moment of the war for me." The niece had obviously heard all this before. "We were all in the cellar with the furniture stacked against the door. We heard the Russians upstairs, tramping through the house, shooting at furniture, tearing pictures off the wall. They were crazy with drink. They used to line up all the people they found in a house and shoot them just like that. My husband said: 'What's the use of putting the furniture against the door. If they want to get in it's easy enough'. But they were so drunk they couldn't be bothered and they went away."

"Later the Americans came and we thought they wouldn't be so bad, but they were terrible too. It was an American soldier who stole all my jewellery, took everything I had. Of course, they weren't as crazy as the Russians. They were so primitive they thought you could take a sink home off the wall and make it give hot water."

Frau E was getting quite worked up but her niece remained relaxed and made jokes now and then to calm her aunt down.

One night at supper she introduced the subject of Jews. "Of course it wasn't right what Hitler did," she said. "But we didn't know about that at the time. And the Jews certainly needed to have something done to them. Why, they had complete control of some professions, and I know. My husband was a doctor. Still, I don't say it was right for him to kill them. He should just have taken away their money and sent them out of the country."

"Now, it's getting to be just as bad again," she said. "The Jews are all coming back and the government gives them money and gives back the houses that they sold once already and now they're better off than anyone who stayed behind and was robbed and bombed. And that Anne Frank they make such a fuss about. I don't give two hoots about her. Don't you think it. Far better to give some sympathy to our boys who fought and suffered." Her niece agreed and they told stories to prove to me that all Jews were dishonest.

Other nights she talked about how she had suffered more than any English woman, how a German friend of hers had been ill-treated on a trip through England, how the American soldiers were mad about German women, and couldn't I buy things cheap at the American px.

* * * *

I left the haven of the lobby of the Berliner Ensemble with its English welcome signs for the last time and started on the now familiar trip from East to West. I had grown somewhat hardened to the tension of a split city which at first seemed intolerable. I walked past the soldiers in the street — the Russian tans and the German greens plus Prussian helmet — without any feeling of daring or of possible danger. I was just part of the theatre crowd returning home.

The lady at the wicket in front of me put out West marks for her ticket. She blushed slightly when told and reached for a different change purse in her bag. The underground is an almost neutral territory. But a tense territory because this is where a lot of the illegal traffic in goods and people takes place. Here East and West Berliners are all mixed up together in the trains, and nobody can be sure who comes from where, or what anyone's politics are. The uncertainty makes people silent, watchful. Near the sector dividing lines people don't read papers or books. Someone who looks around too curiously may be a spy. But there is a curious compensation to this sort of tension. It makes people alert and aware. It makes them live with urgency and lessening off pettiness as people do in war-time.

The tension was broken that night by a drunk. He got on singing, and began to make advances to a young lady. Even the man in the corner wearing the yellow and black

arm-band of the war-wounded began to smile. Rebuffed by the woman, the drunk turned to his other neighbor and started an argument about the respective merits of life in East and West Berlin. Some people quickly moved away. Others moved into hearing distance, but didn't join in. He was still going strong when we came to Stadtmitte and the station woman announced over the loudspeaker: "Last station in the democratic sector." Two uniformed men came into the car, one to an end. "Guten Abend," the uniform touched his cap politely and walked through the car. He received no answer. At the far end a woman carrying two bulging bags was quietly ushered off. Looks were exchanged but no one said a word. The doors closed and we moved into the Western sector.

* * * *

Next morning early I paid the last of the rent money. Frau E counted and beamed. "That's fine," she said. "Fine. My niece had a baby girl last night. We haven't seen it yet; we're going this afternoon. Be sure to look us up if you come to Berlin again," she said, forgetting her doubts about the future in a glow of last-minute good-will. "I hope you liked Berlin."

The sun was just coming up as the plane flew over the last of West Berlin and into East Germany. A hostess joined me at the window as we came over the Elbe and pointed out the spot where she was born.

The Innocent Eye

I danced down lipping days, that chimed like bells
from nursery steeples over diapered lawns:
sun combed my elf-locks with a golden comb:

marsh-marigolds, and buttercups, and all
childhood's most cherished weeds, chapleted me:
the coiled conchs of my ears echoed the tides

of wind that ebbbed and flowed in tree-topped foam:
my small bones sang like birds — Aeolians
plucked by the soft-breathed fingers of the breeze.

So, days' down-dropping petals swiftly fell —
dreams that did fade and pass. Swiftly and soon
that milk-fed-country in my candid gaze,

apple-round, iris-circumscribed, and clear,
(Narcissus-Image of my own fond eye)
dropped out of sight. The bubbling belfries sank

with all their babbling bells, full-fathom-five.
and in my retina, Time's lidless Eye
stared out — blank as the surface of a midnight tarn.

Dorothy M. Brown

Fruition

The thoughts that leaned for me were gently green;
They tendriled round in spirals toward my vine
And wove their young roots intricate among
My bending stalks; then, pausing in their climb,

They threw out crimson petals, like a rose
That slowly beats its leaves against the air;
And when I muted both my eyes, I saw
A strange green rose throbbing suspended there.

M. E. Atwood

Five Poor Men Speak Up c. 1931

(adapted from the Hungarian by Earle Birney)

If there'd been a cloud in that sky
It would have flamed like cotton flouncing;
If there'd been melons in that plain
They'd have been sizzling and bouncing.
"Let's take a dip!" "And rinse our shirts."
Poor men we were, all five, and parched.
"A bath, then finish up the trip!"
"A duck, and I could really march!"

Bellowing strides the brook's watchman,
Hero of creeks, bullfrogs' bullyboy,
Apprentice water-troll. He says it
With clubs, this landowner's toady.
"Back from that brook, no trespassing here!
On your way, prowlers, yes you, all five.
This aint no bath-tub for you bastards!
This stream's clean, not for bums to dive in."

"You shepherd of water! May all
The waters of the world be turned homewards
Till pond-beetles alone are crickets
In all your damned boss's backyards.
When he sticks up a new raft of sheds
Or a cowhouse to show off his wealth
The thatch over his head be water
And liquid planks under foot for his health.

Let them be frothy seas he must smoothe
With his fancy iron-toothed harrow.
Let them be lank stalks of rain he grows,
Reaps, stacks, he and his boy-farrow.
May he make his money from fishes,
Open an inn to cater for pike —
On his head a souwester. For boots
Let him pull on the holes in the dike.

At night give him only this running
Stream for blanket, for fleas frogs afloat,
So many his own sweet daughter
Sits picking them from her petticoats.
May a dredger tear through his sleeping,
Let him wake up to greenness and wet,
Then wash him away with his creek-trolls,
Away in a swash of his own sweat!"

Attila József

Wind-Chimes in a Ruin

This is the moment
for two glass leaves
dangling dumb
from the temple eaves
This is the instant
when the sly air breathes
and the tremblers touch
where no man sees
Who is the moving
or moved is no matter
but the birth of the possible
song in the rafter
that dies as the wind goes
nudging other
broken eaves
for waiting lovers.

Nara, Japan.

Earle Birney

The Acclamation

Sleep was vague and vacant as a cloud
Or like a wave that broke above my head
So quietly I did not hear it break,
But at a distance to the soundless shock
Returned still echo, and became
Part of my sleep, a figure in a dream.

Had I come back? Things were different
From what I remembered. Everywhere I went
I encountered the same disaffected stare
From eyes that thought they saw no more than air
Where I was. I felt neglected and despised.
Was I unseen, or just unrecognized?

I stopped in a certain road, before a house
Haunted by love's presence and love's use,
But changed — I almost said, had turned to stone —
The old erotic architecture gone,
Alone the windows their familiar shape
Preserved in that corrupted envelope.

Between the door and me, eternal space;
There the crowd stood — nondescript each face,
Indefinite their clothes, their gestures — all
Modest, decent and identical.
"Who's dead?" I cried or thought I did: my cry
Was less than a whisper, softer than a sigh.

For you and he appeared without a sound
In the opening doorway, hand in hand.
I heard the acclamation and I woke
To sob to the measured silence of the clock,
What do you have in common but each other?
I am nothing when you are together.

Daryl Hine

Ballade: on his Book

This volume, light as an excuse,
From which you may conduct your eyes,
Is for your comfort and your use,
Successful if it satisfies.
It hangs on your delight, as flies
From webs, and flowers, in Babylon,
Seemed self-suspended in the skies.
But where have all the readers gone?

Those phrases, where the words produce
Against the white a black surprise,
May they, beneath your gaze, come loose
And one by one, not otherwise,
Reveal to you without disguise
The paper they were written on:
Of solitude the empty prize.
Oh, where have all the readers gone?

Around the public's neck a noose
One poet with affection ties,
A second treats you with abuse,
A third affects fame to despise,
A fourth describes his work as lies,
Another, like the silver swan,
Articulates before he dies;
And where have all their readers gone?

Envoi

Princess, indifferent and wise,
To whom each sunset is a dawn,
Damnation leads to paradise,
And there have all the readers gone.

Daryl Hine

Ballade

The noble lion in his might,
The tiger with his stealthy tread,
The lonely eagle in its flight,
Even a dog that's quite well-bred; —
All animals from A to Z —
The thought of them fills some with awe,
And fear of them is quite widespread.
Nature is red in tooth and claw.

For every creature has a right
To feed itself — and not on bread!
And each in turn, in awkward plight,
Looks on a neighbor with some dread;
And hopes another may, instead,
Be chosen as the thing to gnaw.
Each does his best to keep his head.
Nature is red in tooth and claw.

Extremities with color bright,
Both paw and hoof a vivid red:
The victor in a savage fight?
Her lips moist-crimson, as if fed
A moment since on flesh that bled.
Appearance perfect: not a flaw;
Bedecked, in fact, as if to wed!
Nature is red in tooth and claw.

Dear Lady, you have heard it said
That *nature copies art's* the law;
As *you* a butcher's make up spread,
Nature is red in tooth and claw.

C. A. Ashley

To a Poet on His Cat and the Season

I saw your cat, whose lithesome grace ever
silhouettes for you the face of summer.
Or so you said. With dainty tread he made
his measured way along a narrow braid
of fence, disdainful of a bare white world
tail furled he walked contemptuous of cold.

In the same still twilight I saw also
dog paw-prints gouged from out the crusted snow;
ice, thick and black, blinding the lily pool;
how a crooked bough, held tight in glass cruel
vise, reached a supplicating arm as if
for mercy to a burned out asterisk.

I tried to believe in soft earth, leaved trees,
fluid water. In myriads of bees
corpulent, gold, suckling the lilac cones;
but sudden the wind cold blotted the tones
of their droning. Blew frost hoar to my breath.
Briefly I tasted the flavor of death.

Elizabeth Gourlay

Rose on Reef

(Georgian Bay, Ontario)

Wild the West wind as it whips bewildered waves
Sleeplessly slapping this northern isle. Who knows
All wildness — reefs and rocks and crags and caves —
Sees its quintessence in this shy wild rose.

John F. Davidson

Time's Cycle

What does this island mean to you?
In time's cycle
Tipis of Micmacs, birch-white, stage-bold
Enfiled —
And bullrush torches lighted dancing braves,
Scalps on spears and burnings
At the stake.
Here Frenchmen beached pirogues and crept
Through osier and wild-pear trees
To the sleeping bark tipis.

You idle by gravelly shore in sea-washed
Air
Mimic grieving loon and thieving
Cormorant
See herring gulls charge an eagle near
Their colony.
You swim the flooded wedged Marsh through
Plunging tides
That subduct isle from mainland —
Imitate a pelican's sailing grace.
Does this island mean to you a holiday
At ocean's edge
Where summer's languid days, the busy seas
And sounding surf lull and wall you
Round?

An arrowhead beside a rusted plow?
Ah, stellated flint in old
Pirogue
Time's cycle sets!

Mary Weekes

A Classicist's Lament

Though once a slave before tradition's throne,
The poet now need please himself alone.
No more by patient toil, as Horace schools,
He serves a stern apprenticeship to rules.
A youth, new-bitten by the flea to write,
Can scratch himself to poet overnight:
Pebbles that lurk beneath the self's dark sea
Can win acclaim as pearls of poetry,
Provided that the ropes on which they're strung
Are twisted dreams by Freud or myths by Jung;
For, like high priests whose revenue depends
Upon a lore no layman comprehends,
The modern critic gives his best reviews
To work that's esoteric and abstruse,
And should it prove too dense (like courtier bold
Who praised the king's new clothes in fable old)
Boldly he'll vaunt the poem's well-cut shape
And trace rich patterns where the public gape . . .
Oh, for an honest child to cry halloo
For naked truths that Burke and Johnson knew,
Or Pope to write again from Twickenham
A modern *Dunciad* to end the sham.

Fred Cogswell

On Reading Pasternak's Poem

"I am lost like a beast . . ."

My poetry pales like a shucked pea-pod.
My pity tangles the tallest tendril of the vine.

Thelma Reid Lower

Sweet Hay

*Sour is the summer hay
in forbidden fields;
only the winter day
sweet harvest yields.*

After his quaking
duel
with conscience
and the cruel
tense
breaking
of her heart
were over
lady and lover
wintered apart
on clover
time-cured and sweet
to chew and remember
from the mind's bin —
holding the heat
of passion September
minus the sweat
of regret and the thistles of sin.

Fred Cogswell

This Day Winding Down

Tom Poots

► "THE DOCTORS THINK they know everything," Milda Wagner complained bitterly. She levelled her wrinkled face long enough to scowl at Edith Partridge across the room, then jerked her eyes down again to her knitting. She flicked the blue wool through her fingers, making the needles dart in and out furiously.

"They think they do, but they don't!" Milda proclaimed. "They guess. That's what. They guess!" The knitting needles clicked rigidly in the silence.

"Don't you hear me, Edith?"

The old woman nodded without glancing from her crocheting.

"Edith, you're getting deafer every day," Milda declared. "You should ask them for a hearing aid. They'd get you one. They'd love it. Anything to make you more of a machine they'd do gladly. My, how they *do* love to dish out rubber bladders and plastic bones. Guinea pigs. The lot of us!"

Edith Partridge flinched. "You're wrong," she said abruptly. "It's not that way at all."

"Bark at me. Go ahead. Bark at me!"

The line of blue wool slipped swiftly over the wooden needles. It would be, in the end, a sweater for her grandson, Wesley. Milda already suspected that as with its eight predecessors, the sweater, somehow, wouldn't fit.

"Contrary kids. They grow too fast!"

"You complain *too* much," Edith sputtered. She settled back to her crocheting, making another square to join the endless squares she collected for an afghan. In doing so she began working her mouth in a chewing fashion.

"Lose your teeth again?"

Edith continued crocheting, precise, silent, her face rigid, a mask of contempt and concentration.

Milda Wagner knew it was over. She'd gone too far too quickly, killing the fun. Her sharp tongue had turned the woman into a speechless mummy. Now she was sorry it had happened so quickly, but that did no good. Being sorry

didn't bring Edith back for more punishment. Disgruntled, Milda set down her knitting. Turning her chair, she looked out the window.

The room looked clinical, smelled medicinal. But outside it looked fresh, crisp; she wished she could have the window open to let the bite of winter sting vitality into her body. Why not? She silently wondered. It would freeze the old mummy in a minute. But looking for a moment at Edith her ambivalent emotions churned out a flicker of compassion. She turned back to inspect the out-of-doors, that world of which seemed perpetually outside. Beyond herself and Edith and the room. Beyond all that was old and there, beyond all that smelled of medicine.

The sidewalks were clear of snow, and from the wing in which she sat, Milda could see the half-circle driveway bending to the brick facade. She could see the massive white doorway and above it the weathered bronze letters, spelling, HOLDEN HOUSE. Milda shuddered involuntarily. She had hurried down the wintry street to school. She had snapped her schoolbooks along the black iron fence, and with her classmates she'd chorused:

"The crayzee house! The crayzee house!"

And now she was in it.

Cars bleated down the road, passed the evergreen-filled yard. Horns honked, ignoring the Quiet Zone sign. But across the street lights burned in the windows of a large granite building; *The Life & Liberty Mutual Insurance Co.* Milda Wagner was paid-up. She received an allotment from them the thirteenth of every month. They'd promised, they were taking care of her. They were working for her. They were friends, they were her financial protection. From the building, over the street, over the yard, the lights warmed.

She turned her head as car swerved into the driveway.

"You'd better go, Edith, My Change-of-life is coming back on me again. And she's got the boy with her."

"Don't call your daughter that — that," said Edith. She stopped crocheting and stood up, stiffly.

"I'll call my daughter what I *please!* When a woman reaches after forty before she has her first child, she's thankful the powers-to-be were willing. Now out with you. Or don't you *hear* me?"

"I'm going right away."

"Wait," said Milda. She went to her dresser, picked up a pill bottle and pressed it into Edith's hand. "When you go by Dr. Blanchard's office, stop in and give him these. Tell him I don't want any more phoney sodium bicarbonate pills. Him and his tricks. They give me gas. Doesn't he *know* that. I want sleeping pills!"

"Now," Edith said sternly, her body shaking. "Now you're going to instruct the doctors!"

"They may as well know they aren't deceiving us!" Milda declared. "They're *so* smart!"

"You go too far," said Edith. But clutching the pill bottle, she went out.

Milda Wagner's visit with daughter and grandson was short.

Beverly entered lugging a small radio. Wesley bounced in behind. They put their coats on the bed and Beverly, trim, solidly built, told her mother the radio was fixed. Wesley carried a paper bag, refusing to give it up when Beverly insisted he put it down.

"He's had the croup," Beverly explained. "We had the kettle going *all* night."

"It stinks, doesn't it?" Milda inquired of her grandson.

"Like hell," said Wesley.

"*Wesley!*" his mother shouted.

"He's right," said Milda. "Croup kettles *do* stink like hell. What have you in the bag, young man?"

"A toothbrush and stuff. Have you got water, Grand-maw?"

"In the corner sink." Milda turned to her daughter for edification.

"Brush your teeth, Wesley," Beverly said. And to her mother explained: "Television again. He saw some *ad* with horrible little germs shouting at each other. I think he's flipped his precious lid. That toothbrush *even* goes to school!"

"Hah!" said Milda.

Wesley brushed, spat. And resumed brushing.

"The radio wasn't *too* bad," Beverly said. "Anyway it's all right now."

"You only get news," Wesley blurted from the sink.

"Vern listened to the news on it," Beverly said. "It works fine."

"Vern," sighed Milda. "How is he?"

She liked Vern. He was good as Beverly's father had been. He was the outdoors and fun. He was heavy drinking and his voice had a gruff catch to it. On visits he brought brandy in a milk-of-magnesia bottle. He told her indelicate stories. No man outside of her own had been that kind. She loved him. She was glad she'd had Beverly — if only to give her to him.

"Vern's fine," Beverly said. "*Eats* like a gorilla. A definite throwback."

"So was Eddie — your father, till his kidneys killed him."

Beverly looked away.

"You pregnant yet?"

Wesley blew noisy bubbles in the water glass.

"No, not *yet*," Beverly said. "And *one* in ten years isn't enough for Vern. You must know *that* too."

"There's time," Milda assured. "Look at yourself."

Beverly flushed. "Are they treating you *well*?"

"They under-rate their guests. You'd think this *was* a crazy house. Wesley! Do the boys you play with call this place the crazy house?"

"Yup" said Wesley, finished with degerminating. "Ain't it?"

"Isn't it! No, it's not. It's a home for old ladies. Nasty decrepid old ladies!"

"Mother!"

"Well, it is. But it's not charity, Wesley. We pay for it here. This is a *respectable* home for cantankerous old . . ."

"Mother! You're as bad as Wesley is!"

"You've got it backwards. Wesley's as bad as I am."

"Gee," squealed Wesley.

"You're tired," said Beverly. "We'd better go."

"Why do I need sleeping pills if I'm tired?"

"All the same . . ." She jerked Wesley into his coat, hurrying to usher him out of influence's way.

"Goodbye, Mother," she said. "Say goodbye, Wesley."

"Goodbye, Grandmaw."

"Give Vern my love," said Milda. "And feed him lots of steak!"

"Goodbye."

"Goodbye."

Gone, thought Milda, too soon. Because my own daughter is afraid I'll poison my grandson's mind. That's a fine fix! At the table near her bed she picked up the telephone receiver. The line clicked, purred. It went clear. The patient voice of Harriet Comstock, the day operator, sounded in:

"Switchboard."

"Harriet, will you connect me with Edith, please?"

"Right away, Mrs. Wagner."

She's the only good one, Milda thought. They must have hired her by mistake.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Wagner. Mrs. Partridge doesn't answer. Shall I try the Dayroom?"

"Please, Harriet. And if she's not there, try the library."

"Certainly. One moment, please."

Milda reached for the embroidered handkerchief tucked into her sleeve. She wiped perspiration from her forehead. Bad ventilation, she condemned silently. Too hot in here — no, maybe the visit, the heat of excitement.

"Mrs. Partridge is ready for you, Mrs. Wagner."

"Thank you. Hello, Edith?"

"It's me," the voice barked. "What do you want now?"

"Company's gone," Milda announced. "Come on up. My Change-of-life brought back my radio. We can hear the soap operas."

"I can't," Edith answered sharply.

"What do you mean, you *can't*?"

"I just can't," Edith insisted. "They told me to stay away from you."

"Nonsense, Edith. Who're they?"

"Dr. Blanshard and Dr. Bascum. They were together when I brought back your pills. They said for me to stop seeing you. They said you make me excited. My heart can't take it, Milda. You get me all worked-up. Ask the doctors. When I returned your pills my heart was — fluttering."

"Now, Edith, you know I . . ."

"No good, Milda. I've a choice, naturally. But they said it would be best. You're getting too nasty, Milda."

"Did they say that?" She swabbed her forehead again.

"No", croaked Edith. "But I ought to know!"

"Edith! Stop being childish and get up here! I can't hear a thing you're saying. Your voice is like a fog horn!"

"That's exactly what . . ."

"If you'd clear the junk out of that head of yours, you'd see the whole thing's a trick to get us fighting! Who do they think they are? Telling us who we can sit with. Who do . . ."

The line clicked dead.

"Harriet!"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Wagner. Mrs. Partridge has hung up."

"I know she's hung up. Don't tell me that! Get her back again!"

"One moment, Mrs. Wagner."

Was that Harriet sighing? Patient Harriet?

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Wagner. Mrs. Partridge has left the Dayroom. Shall I try her room in — say — fifteen minutes?"

"Nevermind, Harriet."

"I saw your daughter and her boy leave, Mrs. Wagner," said Harriet, trying to be friendly. "Did you have a nice visit?"

"No!" said Milda. She hung up.

What am I coming to? she reflected. I'm getting foolish? No. They'd tell me. They'd make an issue of it. I'm sweating, feverish. Lord, maybe Wesley brought in a germ with him. She picked up the phone again.

"Switchboard," Harriet said gently.

"It's me again, Harriet."

"I don't think Mrs. Partridge is in her room yet, Mrs. Wagner."

"I don't care. Get Dr. Blanshard. Get a nurse. Get somebody. Hurry! I think I've got pneumonia!"

She dropped the receiver. Outside it was snowing, the confetti-like flakes falling lazily from the gray sky. Lights burned brighter in the buildings. The streetlamps burned haloes into the crisp air. An oasis of light flooded the main entrance to the home.

Milda wanted to be out there. She had difficulty getting the window open. But when she leaned out she felt the

frost form in her nostrils, the snowflakes melt warmly on her face. Revitalized she closed the window and withdrew to the bed. She lay on top of the covers sensing a hum creep into her body, an evasive slow and steady purr that seemed to rise to her head and sink into the pillows. Under her closed eyelids a caligraphy of linear shadows wavered between vagueness and visibility. The doorknob rattled.

Milda opened her eyes.

Dr. Blanshard examined her quickly while his nurse stood aside, ready. Milda heard him grumble.

"Will you sleep if I give you a pill?" he asked.

"Sodium bicarbonate gives me gas!"

"And cold weather will give you pneumonia. You had that window open again, didn't you?"

"I'm *not* a child."

"But you *can* catch cold. Will I have to have the window nailed till spring?"

"Give me a sleeping pill," she said. "I won't open it again."

"Good girl."

"I'm not a girl, I'm an *old* woman!"

"You *act* like a girl," said the doctor. "A silly, stubborn, girl."

"A *sleeping* pill!"

He gave her one. He mumbled to the nurse and left with her, after the nurse had gotten Milda into a nightgown and under the covers.

It was then, lying there snugly in the covers, she realized how good it had been to open the window, to feel undeniably the reality of the outside world. She was thinking of this, still tasting fresh air on her tongue, thinking she could bring more of the world in through the radio when she woke up and knew by the darkness outside she had been asleep. She thought at once of Edith Partridge.

No, she decided. It would be better tomorrow. Edith would come back then — she'd had too much for today. But she did not want to be alone. She hated to depend on them, they were so smart-alecky, so always right about everything. But there was no one else.

The wall-buzzer at the head of the bed was there to use to summon the night nurse from her cubicle down the corridor. Raised on an elbow, Milda pushed the button. Then she wondered what excuse she would make for calling the nurse. She searched her mind for something, anything, that would sound reasonable, sensible. Perhaps they understood, perhaps they didn't. She tried to think of something that would hold the night nurse there, detain her for a few precious moments of talk. Even as the door opened, and an oblong of light fell onto the floor, she wondered what request or complaint she could possibly make . . .

Turning New Leaves (1)

► BY EARLY 1892 Wilfred Campbell had left the ministry and become a civil servant in Ottawa. He was "deplorably poor" and his friends Archibald Lampman and Duncan Scott took this as an opportunity to suggest to the *Toronto Globe* that Campbell (or the three of them jointly) contribute a weekly literary column. *The Globe* offered them \$3.00 each a week, and the column began on Saturday, February 6th, 1892, under the heading *At the Mermaid Inn*.^{*} It was probably the most literate and native column of its day in the Canadian press. *The Globe* terminated it on July 1st, 1893; in Lampman's words "They don't want us any more."

^{*}AT THE MERMAID INN: Conducted by A. Lampman, W. W. Campbell, and Duncan C. Scott: Edited, Annotated, and Selected by Arthur S. Bourinot, Ottawa, the Editor, pp. 96; \$3.50.

Now Arthur Bourinot has gone back to the old columns in *The Globe*, and has selected about one-fifth of them for reprinting in a paper-covered, limited edition. His editing has been modest. In his "Introduction" he has culled and reprinted the opinions on the column of Connor, W. E. Collin, Pelham Edgar, E. K. Brown, and Professor Carl Klinck; for his own part, he allows the columns to speak for themselves. His infrequent footnotes usually only suggest where the reader may gather more extensive biographical knowledge; in some he might have aided the reader by suggesting why it is profitable to consult the works cited.

The picture of Lampman, Campbell, and Scott one gathers from these selections, of course, is framed by Mr. Bourinot's principles of selection. His mixture is 50 pieces by Lampman to 27 by Scott and 20 by Campbell, because, in his opinion, Lampman was much more suited to this "causerie" work, because Lampman dealt more often "with the eternal verities", and because Mr. Bourinot is more interested in Lampman. The reader is free to make whatever biographical, literary, or cultural interpretation he may care to.

Judging only from these selections, one is struck by how much Lampman, Campbell and Scott had in common in age, interest, background, education, occupation, residence, and literary activity. All three are about thirty, and seriously concerned with the growth of letters in Canada. They had been contributing poems to American and Canadian periodicals, and Lampman and Campbell recently had published (and Scott was in the process of publishing) a first volume of poems. All three were the products of clerical families in small Ontario towns; all had some kind of a "classical" college education; all three were civil servants in 1892, and living in Ottawa.

The most striking similarities, however, are those of literary outlook. They are young literary men well read in and respectful of the British, American, and classical past. But they also have a strong sense of the uniqueness of their own place and time, and they are responding to the new literary winds blowing up from South of the Border — the notion of self-realization through the grace of local color, and the notion central in the North American brand of Realism that the honest writer writes best only out of his own experience.

The columns cover a wide variety of literary and social topics. New books are reviewed; literary events are discussed; painters are appreciated; the growing gap between the rich and the poor "classes" in North America is feared; funeral customs are despised; the New Woman is approved. They proclaim the need for a National Gallery; they sketch the more smiling aspect of Ottawa life; they are sour about the lack of interest in Canadian things in our Universities, because they are staffed with those most-backward yearning of all migrants, British professors; they print nature sketches, and some of their own poems (not all collected in later volumes).

But in all the diversity, two themes are central: their concept of the poet, and their concept of the relation of the poet to his day and place. They see the root of poetry in the spirit of the poet. They turn their backs on the poet as a private "I"; they are suspicious (especially Scott) of *fin de siècle* malaise; and they agree that the poet must be more than a mere imitator of great dead poets. For them the great poet is the great man. Aeschylus, Sophocles, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Wordsworth, and Tennyson ("goodly and wholesome men" as Lampman writes, although Campbell disagreed strenuously about Wordsworth) are men of affairs first, and of supreme common sense, applied to all areas of life. The great poet is great because of his freedom of spirit. Melodious form or aesthetic sensitivity

are desirable, but only as handmaidens to magnitude of idea and spirit. The great poet sings of the eternal verities.

But the eternal verities have to be sung here and now, in Ontario in 1892. And so the problem of nativism in letters turns up here frequently. All three agree that a national literature is desirable, but is lacking yet in Canada. But they see it coming slowly around them, and they fight the good fight. In the spirit of Arnold and Lowell, they agree that it will come when individual writers strive to be true to the universal by being meticulously true to the individual. Here they speak as part of that great debate (almost concluded in the '90's) about native literature which had been going on for some one hundred years south of the Border. The spirit of Whitman is praised, and his experimental excesses of expression are pardoned; the new "Veritism" of Hamlin Garland and the slightly older North American realism of Howells are admired.

They are hopeful, but they feel the lot of the serious writer in Canada is made difficult by the suffocating materialism and indifference around him. At one point Lampman concluded that "The Canadian litterateur must depend solely upon himself and nature." They hope for the establishment of literary associations in Canada; they urge the establishment and support of serious literary and general Canadian magazines which would encourage Canadian writers. Looking over the Canadian scene they could praise *The Week* as the only serious Canadian periodical (had they counted, they would have found that *The Week* in 1892 received and reviewed some fifty serious American journals, and many fewer British). Little wonder the Canadian writer had to look for publication first in the United States and Britain.

They recognized that poetry would be the chief staple in the new Canadian literature, since their observation supported the Taine maxim that poetry flourishes in a new country long before imaginative prose. They felt that serious fiction in Canada would be delayed since publishers and audience regarded it only as a form of light entertainment or as sugar-coated uplift. They knew that publishers were apt also to cut and alter contributed work to their own commercial patterns.

They denounced much of Canadian book-reviewing and literary discussion as the log-rolling of cliques, or the irresponsible flattery of friends of the author. They called for a serious criticism on the highest, universal principles. Their own criticism is adult, and free of the wide-spread current notion that the good literature is that which does not corrupt the innocence of the young. In fact, some of what they wrote must have been strong stuff for some *Globe* readers of the day; the *Globe* rushed into print one Monday to disclaim responsibility for Campbell's remarks on Saturday about "the Christian myth."

Had Mr. Bourinot reprinted all the *Globe* columns decided differences of temperament and opinion probably would have been more evident. Even in these selections certain differences emerge. Lampman seems the most flexible and comprehensive; his interests range from his delight in the beauty of nature to current literary and social problems. His writing has the most play in spirit. Campbell's tone often has a gad-fly quality; he is the most concerned with what is wrong with Canadian culture and society, and one can sense in him the combination of pressures from his own ministerial background, of the American literary and social protestants such as Howells, Henry George, Edward Bellamy, and Hamlin Garland, and of Tolstoi and others. His temperament seems tougher, and more aggressive. To him great literature arose out of suffering and sadness. His view of his times seems to be that they are unheroic, and that the ethical pulse is below normal. Lampman indicates some skepticism about the times also; he suggests

that some of Roberts' patriotic poetry is too posed, and that a satirical tone might be more appropriate in describing the Canadian scene. Scott's prose suggests that he is the least at ease in writing these columns. He seems most concerned with style (citing Landor as a great model), and less concerned than the others with the state of contemporary literature.

These columns were very much worth reprinting for their personal and historical interest, and one is indebted to Mr. Bourinot's initiative. Grateful for these, one would like more. A student of Canadian literature would do well to go back to the old *Globes*, and read all.

GORDON ROPER

Turning New Leaves (2)

▶ ACCORDING TO THE EDITORS of *The Blasted Pine*, English-Canadian satiric verse is generally liberal in tone. Canada's reactionaries, it seems, have seldom been articulate enough to survive in print. But this political bias may be related to a literary one. Our most successful satirists are unattracted by the decorum and regularity of neo-classical satire, or even by its antithetical violence. The eye of F. R. Scott's needle may be narrow, but there's no mistaking it for the point. I suspect that what is true of satire is even more true of Canadian comic verse as a whole. The wit is really a means to a lyrical end (as in that greatest of Canadian comic poems, *The Witches' Brew*). Even in Irving Layton's more abusive pieces, the invective gets lost in the fantasy.

But my generalizations are mainly intended to apply to George Johnston and George Walton, who have at last published collections of their work. The titles are emblematic: *The Cruising Auk* and *The Wayward Queen*.^{*} As a pair of comic muses, they are probably what our poetry deserves: their poise may be unpredictable, but they do liberate, in a mild sort of way. Mr. Johnston's book has a couple of queens on the cover, but they don't look very wayward and, in any case, are apparently looking up at the auk, ready to duck if he comes too low. Mr. Walton's cover consists of a bee cruising over a purple flower. If my information about the habits of queen bees is correct, this must be the most wayward queen in all Canada.

The virtues of George Walton's verse are minimal, but there's little doubt about their existence. Most of the book consists of occasional pieces: jottings on his reading, inclosures for letters, squibs against minor dislikes. The reader follows the margins of the author's daily life.

These verses served their several ends,
were the diversions of my friends,
were essays in the craft of rhyme
or doodles on the page of Time.
And some were wrought in other days
when my young feet trod greener ways
and each day poured a stronger cup
than here and now I'd dare to sup.

Mr. Walton's reactions are usually simple and unpretentious, but also lively and to the point. The only poems whose presence I regret are the sonnets, most of which lie pretty heavy on the page.

In such a book we expect a certain number of loose ends and padded lines. The unevenness is part of the authenticity. But, for all his casual ups and downs, Mr. Walton can be a very skilful and precise poet. Part of the pleasure of

reading *The Wayward Queen* comes from being suddenly startled by a stanza or an entire poem which has completely absorbed its occasion. In the last section of the book (to which Mr. Walton particularly applies his title), this happens over and over again:

For this he quartered flaming skies,
outwitting gremlins, dodging flak,
nor guessed the fate awaiting him,
his lousy lot if he came back —

to walk a dog a dirty night
and guard it from the muddy ditch
and lead it home again and see
it cuddled by a scolding bitch.

As you may gather from this last example, Mr. Walton's queen suffers a good many transformations: in fact, from la belle Iseult to assorted mermaids, in which the author (a physician at Regina's Civic Health Centre) shows a more than clinical interest. As the queen goes by, he sprinkles salt on her tail or dust in her eyes.

The Queen of Cilicia slept with Cyrus —
Xenophon says they said,
now, dust is Xenophon, scattered Cyrus,
the wayward Queen is dead.

Mr. Walton is certainly no Nashe or Villon; and yet, if he were to pick a tradition for himself, I would expect it to be theirs. In the end, his wit aspires to the condition of song, and at moments reaches it, as in *Miranda's Mirror*:

O lonely must her mirror be,
poor blinded thing, at night when she
quietly sleeps and cannot see

the images her mirror weaves —
the mirror that she still bereaves
of image, ever when she leaves.

And yet that mirror I would be
so that by candle-light I'd see
beauty the noon-day hides from me.

George Johnston's book, like its emblem, is a much more remarkable apparition. Out of his simple quatrains and couplets, Mr. Johnston gets enough variety in rhythm and phrasing to make the reputation of half a dozen writers of free verse. He also introduces enough characters to furnish a saga. They include Mrs. McGonigle (who keeps a family, a boarding house and the reluctant Mr. Smith, and contemplates the intense inane through her kitchen window), Mr. Murple (who pipes pastorals on his flute and skates with an almost Wordsworthian pomp), Edward (that fugitive from a ballad), Mrs. Belaney and her "bad" daughter, and too many aunts to mention (although the author lists most of them with melancholy unction in *The Roll Call*). Very few remain as nameless as the tired queen of *Home Again*:

Home again at four o'clock and up the sleeping stair,
Darkness in my loving parts, serpents in my hair,
Having been a reigning moon for half the loving night
And then a piece of iced cake for any god to bite;
Now I am a bent doll, I shed my silky stuff
And soon I'll be a sleeping heart. The gods got enough.

The Cruising Auk is a very funny book, and the more seriously you take it, the funnier it gets. But any reviewer who takes it seriously is doomed to self-parody. I suppose it's possible to chart the criss-crossing human pattern in the Johnstonian rug and end up with an essay called "The World of George Johnston", but I don't think anyone ought

^{*}THE WAYWARD QUEEN: George Walton; Contact Press, 28 Mayfield Ave., Toronto; pp. 64; \$2.00; THE CRUISING AUK: George Johnston; Oxford; pp. 72; \$2.50.

to try. I'm even more doubtful about "The Comic Vision of George Johnston", although no doubt we're all "in it", flapping or floating around, not airborne exactly, but not sunk yet either, hoping to ignite a dry spark or two in the wet dark. At moments things get pretty wet indeed.

It's rained sort of day after day
Till the bottom is, as it were, wet;
My feelings are all washed away
But something is left of me yet

And whatever the something may be
I take it to eat and to bed
Because after all it's still me —
Come rain, wash the lot. Let's be dead.

But what's really characteristic about a poem like this is less the image than the diction, grammar and rhythm. I can imagine a "Variorum Dunciad" edition of *The Auk*, with learned notes on Johnston's use of the parenthetical phrase or on his idiomatic favorites like "maybe", "no doubt", "sort of", "all right", etc.

We, maybe, when we're on a walk
And maybe feeling low
Hear his apocalyptic squawk
And think it's time to go.

Our hearts respond, our souls respond,
The very we of us
Takes off, as one might say, beyond,
But then comes back, alas!

What we finally take away from these poems is the turn of the phrase and the inflection of the voice rather than the rich surface of character and image. Their subject matter is important only as it affords the opportunity for achieving a special and valuable kind of human poise in words. It's easy to describe the Johnstonian world, but not the Johnstonian balance.

Do I believe in her? I cannot quite.
Beauty is more than my belief will bear.
I've had to borrow what I think is true:
Nothing stays put until I think it through.
Yet, watching her broom in the dark air
I give it up. Why should I doubt delight?

The reader of these poems isn't cut by "the ecstatic edge" of joy or pain; nor, unlike the creatures who listen to Mr. Murple's flutings, is he simply "soothed to a charming diffidence." His feelings are likely to be much more companionable, as he floats in Mr. Johnston's wide, wide pond. This auk has one unmistakable advantage: nobody is likely to shoot it for an albatross.

MILTON WILSON

Books Reviewed

THE LIBERAL PARTY IN ALBERTA: A History of Politics in the Province of Alberta, 1905-1921. L. G. Thomas; University of Toronto Press; pp. 230; \$5.50.

To many the study of a small area of history is a bore, but to students of a subject it is the indispensable means to general knowledge. Without microscopic analysis the formulation of macrocosmic principles would be an exercise in speculation rather than in logic. Professional historians and political scientists will therefore be most indebted to Professor Thomas for his close examination of the first 16 years of the government of the newly-founded province of Alberta. Since this was the period of Liberal ascendancy in Alberta, the book's theme is the history of that party but

in rounding out his story the author gives us much more, in effect an intimate glimpse into the entire political scene.

It is a fascinating account. Here in miniature appear many of the classic problems in political science, all the more easily studied because of the simplicity and isolation of the model. The conflict between the necessity of partisan affiliation and the general eternal cry for "non-partisan government", the crucial role of the leader, the brutal facts of machine politics — patronage, corruption, chicanery — personal rivalries, the influence of vested interests, pressure groups, newspapers, and popular movements, the dominating importance in pioneer communities of corporations like railways and banks, the forces leading to the disintegration of an aging government, and the appeal of class against community. All of these emerge starkly from Professor Thomas's brief two hundred pages. The author tells his story well, with careful research and without embellishment and moralizing. He lets the facts speak for themselves, and it would be an incompetent student who did not profit from reflecting on their implications. The book is a worthy addition to the series on Social Credit in Alberta published by the University of Toronto Press under the general editorship of Professor S. D. Clark.

Improvements could be made in the production. There are several typographical errors, one gets tired of being told in each chapter that "numbered footnotes are to be found in a section at the back of the book", and most regrettable of all, there is no map of the numerous railway lines which bedecked the province and, according to the author, bedevilled its politics.

P.W.F.

THE ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY: T. L. Hills; The Ryerson Press; pp. 157; \$2.50.

SHIPS AND THE SEAWAY: F. J. Bullock; Dent; pp. 115; \$3.95.

INTRODUCTION TO THE LAKES . . . and the St. Lawrence Seaway: F. L. Whitlark; Greenwich; pp. 256; \$3.95.

THE ST. LAWRENCE: William Toye; Oxford; pp. 296; \$4.50.

The new enlarged St. Lawrence Seaway and the associated gigantic international power development on the St. Lawrence are now accomplished facts. The historic opening ceremonies by Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth and President Eisenhower brought to a most fitting climax five years of intensive effort on the part of many thousands of workers in both Canada and the United States in bringing to a successful completion what has been described as the greatest engineering project of the world. Even though this may be a slight exaggeration, the magnitude of the works involved are such as to place the St. Lawrence development amongst the greatest engineering works ever to be carried out in modern times.

Association of this vast undertaking with the long-standing romance of the St. Lawrence, as one of the great rivers of the world and as a unique international waterway, has naturally invited more than usual attention to the completion of the Seaway and power projects. In newspapers and magazines throughout the world many articles have already appeared on the Seaway. It was inevitable, therefore, that books should also appear. Four of those recently published are listed above and their diverse contents alone serve to illustrate graphically the wide extent of recent operations on the St. Lawrence.

One surprising omission from all four books, and from most of the other writing which has appeared in Canada on the St. Lawrence, has been no reference to the first St.

Lawrence Seaway which was the Rideau Canal. Completed in 1832 it provided for almost a quarter of a century the essential link in access to the Great Lakes from the sea. The "Triangle Route", as it came to be known, saw a sturdy little fleet of simple steam boats making regular journeys from Montreal up the Ottawa River to Bytown, through the Rideau Canal to Kingston and then back down the rapids of the St. Lawrence to Montreal. It is on record that vessels from salt water used this route also into the Great Lakes. It was only in 1855 when the first steam boat arrived at Kingston by way of the newly completed St. Lawrence canal system that the Rideau Canal lost its title of "The Seaway".

In the minds of the public there is still much misconception with regard to the Seaway just completed, since there are many who think that it has provided the first means of access for ocean-going vessels to reach the Great Lakes. That this is not so is well known by all who know the great river and it is certainly mentioned, although not sufficiently emphasized, in the books under review. The Norwegians were the first to provide a regular ocean service up the St. Lawrence and through the 14 ft. St. Lawrence canals, using special vessels designed to fit closely into the locks of the 14 ft. canal system. All that the new Seaway has done is to increase the available draft and therefore to provide for access to the Great Lakes for much larger ocean vessels than previously. The decision to limit the lock depths to 27 ft. puts a very severe restriction on the percentage of ocean-going freighters that can enter the Great Lakes, this decision being one complicated by many economic and navigational factors.

This is one of the questions which is dealt with in the first of the above-noted books, "The St. Lawrence Seaway" by T. L. Hills (Associate Professor of Geography at McGill University). This is an excellently produced book, well printed and complete with excellent photographic illustrations and three useful simple maps. It consists of five chapters, the first being an excellent exposition of the geographical setting of the St. Lawrence and the second a fine summary of exploration and the early canals. The bulk of the book is taken up with the next two chapters, the first tracing the slow and steady development of the idea of the Seaway and associated power project, with admirable summaries of the difficulties which regularly developed. The fourth chapter is an equally succinct and well-written description of how the job was done, leading to a brief final chapter about the future which raises constructively some crucial questions.

The volume is an excellent piece of book making but it is puzzling to find that it was produced by an English publisher and printed in England, rather than in Canada. The text constitutes an admirable piece of geographical writing at its best, apart from one strange feature which has puzzled the writer the more he has considered it. In the review of the history of the project mention is made by name of leading political figures in both Canada and the United States responsible for both the promotion of the idea and for obstruction of its progress in the United States Congress. On two pages more than 12 American Senators are referred to by name, most of them bitter opponents of the Seaway. It is therefore the more surprising to find apparently no single reference to Mr. St. Laurent, the Canadian Prime Minister responsible for the final start of the work and, correspondingly, no references to such leading Canadian figures in the story as General A. G. L. McNaughton (Canadian Chairman of the International Joint Commission), and of the Honourable Lionel Chevrier (first President of the St. Lawrence Seaway Authority). In view of these strange omissions, it is perhaps not surprising to find not one single name

mentioned in connection with the actual construction of the project, either of administrators or of engineers. When one thinks of the great contributions made by such men as Robert Saunders, R. L. Hearn, Otto Holden and Gordon Mitchell of the Ontario Hydro, and A. G. Murphy and L. H. Burpee of the Seaway Authority, and contrasts their constructive work with the obstructionist tactics of the American Senators who are named in the book, one is left in complete perplexity as to the author's appreciation of what the engineering and construction aspects of the St. Lawrence Seaway really involved. His apparent omission of the name of Mr. St. Laurent is something that cannot possibly have been an oversight and it is an omission that spoils what could have been a first-class book.

The second book of those listed, unusual in shape but excellently produced (and printed in Canada!), is well described by its title "Ships and the Seaway". The end covers consist of an excellent presentation of house flags and funnel colours of 40 major shipping companies now using the St. Lawrence route. This is but one indication of the fact that the author is himself a seafaring man. Captain F. J. Bullock is a native of England who has served in the British and Canadian Merchant Marine and is now an officer with the Department of Transport. The book is a really excellent one for ship lovers. It does not pretend to any literary distinction but the first half is a reasonably clear outline description of the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, the River and the Seaway, including notes on ports of the Lakes and navigation arrangements, naturally interspersed with many interesting details about individual ships. The second half of the book consists of brief descriptions of 40 shipping lines using the St. Lawrence with a photograph of one of their typical ships, again enlivened by many interesting anecdotes about ships and shipping. The illustrations are particularly well done and the volume is a fine piece of Canadian book making.

"Introduction to the Lakes" is an apt description of the third book written by an American doctor who is an enthusiast about lake shipping. The author's enthusiasm is evident in the manner in which he has accumulated a vast array of facts regarding the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence, and shipping upon them. The book really consists of a somewhat undigested assembly of these facts, grouped conveniently and probably of interest to those who have had no shipping experience. The author has chapters on such things as Ships that sail the Lakes, Sailors and their duties, and Navigation Requirements, finishing with brief descriptions of the Lakes and a final rather short chapter on the Seaway itself. Simple line diagrams are used for illustrations and these again will be useful to those to whom the book is an introduction to the Great Lakes, such as those who still use the passenger cruise ships, the audience to which the book appears to be directed. In the chapter on sailors, for example, the author includes reference to the "Social Department" of a ship's crew, an idea which will make all seafarers shiver, particularly when they read that "in their off-hours, musicians are great cut-ups. Frequently they fly kites from the poop deck." Montrealers will be similarly appalled to read that "Montreal gets its name from the 753 ft. . . . pile of trap rock called Mount Royal . . .". The volume includes 50 pages of photographs, generally of ships on the Great Lakes, interesting but rather too many to be effective.

The fourth volume of the quartet under review is the one which has this reviewer completely baffled. It is well printed, but without any table of contents and illustrated by drawings which can only be described as ludicrous, despite the fact that the author is Production Manager of the Oxford University Press. On the dust jacket it is stated that the author "began to write The St. Lawrence for

young people . . . but as it progressed and more and more unfamiliar material was uncovered, it gradually changed into a book that will have lasting interest for every reader, young and old." One can only conclude that the metamorphosis is not complete. 262 of the 279 pages of text are taken up with an interesting account of the early exploration of Eastern Canada and the settlement of Quebec and Montreal up to the year 1882. The last 17 pages of the book are those which, presumably, are intended to cover the years between up to the present and to describe the Seaway. The bulk of the book is enlivened by a really splendid collection of quotations from original sources and these give the book a special character and provide one of its few commendable features. Even the extracts, however, are sometimes spoiled by the interjection of short imaginary conversations between historical characters. This feature must be one of those intended for children which the author forgot to remove. The illustrations include some excellent old prints, together with some more modern photographs, but as a book describing one of the greatest rivers of the world — as its title suggests — the volume is more than a disappointment.

The volume on the Seaway for which Canadians are waiting has still to be written.

R. F. Legget

FRANCE: GOVERNMENT AND SOCIETY: J. M. Wallace-Hadrill and J. McManners (ed.); Ryerson; pp. 275; \$5.00.

The book compiles a series of twelve lectures on French society and government from pre-historic to modern times given in the University of Oxford in 1955 by some of the better English historians of France.

The authors seem to have been the victims of their topic, too broad in its scope; and perhaps also the victims of their audience. One has the feeling that most of the lecturers were unable to decide whether they would address a group of scholars interested mostly in details, or a less informed public seeking synthetic descriptions and vivid resurrections.

The most interesting are the essays which, renouncing to be thorough, concentrate on some aspects of the question or develop a thesis. For example, Menna Prestwitch in "The Making of Absolute Monarchy (1559-1683)" deals almost exclusively with administrative problems and in particular with the sale of offices. Equally successful, although taking an entirely different approach, is John McManners who centered his essay on answering the question: was the Revolution of 1789 a bourgeois revolution? But most other essays tend to be catalogues of facts, they cover too much ground in too piecemeal a way.

Each chapter is followed by a short and well-done bibliography which should be useful to anyone interested in general reading in a particular period of French history.

If one may express a wish for a future series of such lectures, my preference would be that the field of enquiry be limited. A history of the tax system, or of the administration of justice or even of women's fashions from pre-history to the present, might have taught more not only on the topic discussed but on French society as a whole.

J. A. Laponce

GERMANY AND WORLD POLITICS IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY: Ludwig Dehio; translated by Dieter Pevsner; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 142; \$4.00.

This volume consists of five essays, published in German periodicals between 1950 and 1955. With the single exception of "Germany and the Period of the Two World Wars" which was included in Hans Kohn's *German History, Some New German Views*, (Boston, 1954), all appear here in translation for the first time. One essay has been omitted

from the English version as being of ephemeral interest; it is a pity that the editors did not substitute for it Dehio's forthright challenge to Gerhard Ritter's apologetic account of German militarism.

Ludwig Dehio is one of Germany's distinguished senior historians. Holder of a chair at Marburg and one of the editors of the *Historische Zeitschrift* since it was revived in 1949, his work has been largely medieval and archival.

In 1948 he published *Gleichgewicht oder Hegemonie* (significantly dedicated to Friedrich Meinecke) in which he argued that the two world wars of the twentieth century should be regarded as links in the chain of great wars for European hegemony going back to Charles V. It was a refreshing conception, which enabled the modern German problem to be dealt with in a coolly rational way. The essays in the present slim volume develop some of the points put forward in that book. They enable the reader to appreciate why Dehio stands in the van of those who have attempted to rethink the basic premises of German history. It takes courage, today, even in the Federal Republic, to write that "the daemonic nature of German aspirations to supremacy only reached its first stage in the First World War", or to suggest that after 1919 "both the delusions and the sense of power" remained effective in Germany. These essays are thoughtful, full of original twists, admirably clear in expression; they contribute greatly to an understanding of the German question in the past — and in the present.

R. A. Spencer

PORTUGUESE AFRICA: James Duffy; Saunders; pp. 389; \$8.95.

As a colonial power, Portugal has long been regarded with contempt even by the other European powers in Africa. No doubt this attitude is partly a reflection of her own military weakness and economic backwardness, but it is also due to her notoriously unprogressive outlook and her well-deserved reputation for inhuman labor practices. The one thing that many people know about Portuguese Africa is that it is among the last pockets in the world where forced labor persists. Even the one distinctive liberal element in Portugal's policy — her toleration of miscegenation — has until recently been regarded as final proof of Portuguese degeneration.

Yet Portugal is the oldest colonial power in Africa. For nearly five hundred years, her spokesmen tell us, she has conscientiously sought to fulfil her historical mission of bringing civilization to the "children" entrusted to her care. And now she has the consolation of reflecting that her African provinces (as she insists on calling them) alone have escaped the fate of the rest of Africa. The other colonial powers, who in the past have been accustomed to sneering at Portuguese pretensions, now find their dwindling empires being consumed by the fires of African nationalism. By contrast, Portugal's African territories are, it is claimed, islands of peace and contentment. This remarkable achievement is all the more striking in that there has been little resort to overt oppression, such as has been characteristic of neighboring territories, notably the Union of South Africa. Rather the secret of success has been Portugal's policy of cultural assimilation. It is a unique triumph. Alone among Europeans in Africa, the Portuguese have solved the problem of human relations with the African — or so they would have us believe.

The reality behind the barrage of charges and the smoke-screen of official propaganda is brilliantly exposed by James Duffy of Brandeis University in this scholarly, balanced and yet incisive study of Angola and Moçambique. (The minor Portuguese possessions north of the equator are discussed only incidentally.) Despite the emotionalism with which this subject has been treated in the past, the author

has managed to be scrupulously fair. He does not hesitate to praise the Portuguese when this is their due, or to suggest that not all of their critics were entirely disinterested observers. Nevertheless, he is ruthlessly critical of many aspects of Portuguese policy. The familiar clichés of their apologists are subjected to rigorous scrutiny and are frequently found to be mere fantasy. "In spite of genuine material progress", Professor Duffy concludes, "the Portuguese presence in Africa today is still characterized by ignorance, repression, and a careless exploitation of the African people."

Portuguese Africa is the best account in English to appear on either Angola or Moçambique. It is also the only comprehensive one embracing both territories. The comparative approach has proved particularly illuminating. Historically and economically, the East Coast and the West Coast have largely developed independently of each other. Angola formed part of Portugal's flourishing slave empire in the Atlantic centered on Brazil, whereas Moçambique was orientated towards the great commercial empire in Portuguese India. Even today, important provincial differences remain.

In no other colonial territory in Africa is the past so important to an understanding of the present as in Portuguese Africa. The author's penetrating historical analysis of Portugal's lengthy connection with Southern Africa is, therefore, richly rewarding. Most interest will, however, be focussed on the final quarter of the book, which deals specifically with the Salazar period. Here we find both the persistence of the ideas of the past and the crumbling of the assumptions on which they were based. In particular, Professor Duffy notes the mounting color consciousness of the Europeans and predicts that, if the present trend continues, "Angola and Moçambique will bear more resemblance to other European territories in Africa than to Brazil." He warns further that "the present tranquility . . . is no sure indication of future harmony". When the inevitable explosion does occur, Foreign Office officials, news commentators and other students of Africa will be scrambling to *Portuguese Africa* for an explanation of why the "unexpected" should happen in this long-neglected part of Africa.

Douglas G. Anglin

THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE UNIVERSE: A. C. B. Lovell; Oxford; pp. 111; \$2.25.

The most distant object yet identified by telescope in the universe is a cluster of galaxies in Hydra about two thousand million light years away, and the further the astronomers can see the more out of date their observations become, at least from the standpoint of one who wants to see the universe *now*. But if, says Professor Lovell, a means could be found for seeing nine thousand million light years off, and if a cluster of galaxies could be seen there, then the evolutionary theory of the origin of the universe associated primarily with the name of Father Lemaître could be shown to be wrong. In some way obscure to me such a conclusion would appear to Professor Lovell to be a blow at faith in God the Creator. According to the alternative theory at present in the field the universe is in a steady state and creation is going on all the time. What possible difference there could be to a Christian theologian between one big bang and a countless number of little ones I cannot imagine. However, even if Professor Lovell may not be at his best outside his own field in the world of the theologian, there could hardly be a more charming popularizer of astronomical theory, and those who enjoyed his Reith lectures over the airwaves last year, as well as those who missed them, will find here a charming account by a great astronomer of what is going on in 'the exploration of the vast spaces about us.

The limits of scientific enquiry must always be present to the astronomer's mind, and nowhere is the humility engendered by this fact more aptly expressed than in this author's attitude to scientific enquiry about the origin of the universe: "The optimism with which I believe that we are on the verge of producing the necessary observational data is tempered with a deep apprehension, born of bitter experience, that the decisive experiment nearly always extends one's horizon into regions of new doubts and difficulties."

Charles Feilding

POWER AT THE TOP: Clive Jenkins; Ambassador; pp. 292; \$4.25.

Social change can take place at different levels. Superficial change can result from changes in the legal definition of social relationships such as the abolition of slavery or the emancipation of women. Social reformers have always relied heavily on the law as the main instrument of change, without considering very much the deeper levels of traditionally defined ways of behaving, which in turn imprison men in a given set of attitudes and values. At the juridical level schools can be desegregated, former colonies declared democratic, and prohibition of liquor proclaimed, while human society, massively ponderous in the aggregate, carries on much as before.

Mr. Jenkins' book is an attempt to show the remarkably little effect of nationalization on property and economic relations in Great Britain. Economists appraise nationalization on criteria of efficiency rather than in terms of the social conditions of work and its effect on the deeper levels of community life. It is not surprising to find nationalized industries criticized when they are judged by economic criteria, rather than by criteria of the social good, because economics is, in its theories of firms and industries, an ideological component of capitalist institutions. What is surprising is that nationalized industries are expected to behave as though they were capitalist corporations.

A committee under Sir Edwin Herbert, for example, which studied the nationalized electricity industry said in its report,

" . . . the governing factor in the minds of those running the boards should be that it is their duty to run them as economic concerns and to make them pay . . . It is not for the persons running the industry to undertake uneconomic schemes of expansion, whether in rural or urban areas, in the supposed national interest, if the effect is to subsidize one particular body of consumers out of the pockets of others."

Legal changes of ownership have not been matched by new standards of judgement.

An important reason, Mr. Jenkins argues, is the counter-revolution which has resulted in the domination of the publically owned corporations by powerful industrialists of the private sector. Since the return of Conservative ministries there has been a gradual returning of economic power to the former holders of it, either individually or as a class. This has been achieved principally by the appointment of leading industrialists to governing boards, and the breaking up of centralized control into fairly autonomous regional boards. The latter may be administratively logical, but the domination of these regional boards by industrialists, who serve mainly in a part-time capacity, is explained by Mr. Jenkins as a throwing of the nationalized industries to the capitalist wolves. Some of the railway area boards, for example, have as members former directors of the pre-nationalization days. (In two of the regions the locomotives have been painted in their pre-nationalization colours!)

Mr. Jenkins wonders, surely with some justification, how men with extensive economic interests can separate these

from the national interest, however that may be defined, particularly when their firms are often suppliers to and users of the services of the large state monopolies. Business men denounce nationalization in company reports and contribute funds to associations whose aims are to prevent further nationalization. Their positions on policy-making boards of nationalized industries are an anomaly. Mr. Jenkins' book is certainly *prima facie* evidence that those who dominate the private sector exercise an important control over the public sector. This arrangement in which the board rooms of the heavily concentrated private corporations and the huge state monopolies are home to the same people has curiously been referred to as a "mixed economy." Here there is probably less countervailing power than in Galbraith's American capitalism, particularly when parliamentary control is kept to a minimum.

Mr. Jenkins, who writes from the left point of view, says in effect that socialism never got going. He criticizes the Labour Party for abandoning some of its earlier ideas of industrial democracy. He sees little in their present literature which would indicate that if returned to office they would do very much to counter the present trend.

Social experiments are difficult to work out in democratic political systems where the experiments themselves are the very issues which divide the parties. We do not know what would have happened to the nationalized industries if the Labour Party had continued in power. Mr. Jenkins quotes Mr. Bevan as saying that the Labour Government had made too many concessions to conventional opinion. Mr. Jenkins might have given us a more careful comparative analysis of the original appointments to these boards and the present ones. We would then have a better picture of the relationship between their personnel and politics.

The author examines the national airlines, coal, transport, electricity and gas and finds the same pattern has developed. He catalogues, at times to the point of tedium, the extensive interests of the part-time directors of these nationalized industries. Despite the tedium it is an important study of the stability of a ruling class and its power.

John Porter

THE PRINCE CONSORT: A Political Biography; Frank Eyck; Clarke, Irwin for Chatto & Windus; 1959; pp. 269; \$6.75.

What would have been the consequences to modern British monarchy if Prince Albert had lived as long as his wife? His latest biographer does not believe that his premature death in 1861 at the age of 42 had too important a bearing on British history because he argues that the Prince's contribution to the establishment of constitutional monarchy in Britain was largely completed by that time, but the facts that Mr. Eyck adduces bear a different interpretation. It is true that the young Queen Victoria, in part under the intelligent guidance of her husband, helped to adapt the British monarchy to the new constitutional situation created by the Reform Act of 1832. A foreign born husband lacking Albert's constitutional views — derived from his uncle Leopold of Belgium — might have turned the British Queen down a disastrous path leading to republicanism. The Prince Consort undoubtedly deserves some share of the credit that goes to Victoria in securing the throne on firm foundations, but it is less certain that had he lived it would have been the monarchy we know today. Albert was incapable of keeping outside of politics, no matter how discreetly he introduced himself. Since he was more intelligent, better informed and less emotional than his wife it is reasonable to suppose that in later life he might have exerted a greater influence than she did over ministers much his junior who would be bound to respect his wis-

dom and experience. Bagehot no doubt had the Prince in mind when he argued that although there was much to be said for the participation in government of a wise sovereign (such as an Albert) the chances were that the average heir (looking at the Hanoverian dynasty) would not measure up to ideal standards and so the less the Crown had to do on the efficient side of government the better.

Mr. Eyck's second conclusion is perhaps even more questionable. He dwells on Albert's informed interest in German affairs and on his influence as a political mentor to his daughter and son-in-law, the Prussian Crown Prince. "His death left them exposed in a weak position, deprived of the support on which they had counted," we are told. "King William's offer to abdicate in 1862 as he could not deal with the constitutional crisis found the young couple without the help of their paternal adviser." It is suggested that had Albert lived the history of Germany and the world might have been changed for the better.

Mr. Eyck's justification for writing another biography of Prince Albert is that former biographers have approached him either from the English or the German point of view and consequently have "failed to do justice to his essentially Anglo-German and inter-European personality." The present biographer makes a serious if heavy-handed attempt to do this and despite shortcomings in style and the debatability of his conclusions he makes good use of the archival sources at Windsor and publishes valuable extracts from Albert's papers not to be found elsewhere in print, which throw some further light on the politics of the period. The book thus deserves the attention of the serious student of early Victorian politics, but as a biography it is incomplete (only seven pages are devoted to Albert's career prior to his marriage and only twenty pages to the last seven years of his life). Nor is it as readable as Roger Fulford's *Prince Consort* published ten years ago which combines a reasonable degree of scholarship with an attractive style.

J. B. Conacher

KHAMI RUINS: A REPORT ON EXCAVATIONS IN SOUTHERN RHODESIA: K. R. Robinson, with reports by G. Bond and E. Voce; Macmillan; pp. xv, 192; \$8.00.

In this book Robinson is primarily concerned with the adequate description of a site, but the author hopes that "it will also be of interest to the general reader." The Khami ruins are mainly concentrated on the western bank of a river of the same name which flows through a small portion of Southern Rhodesia, eventually joining the Gwaai, a tributary of the Zambezi. The site has been known outside the area since 1893, and was excavated primarily by gold seekers in 1897. It was surveyed in 1905 by Dr. R. MacIver but was not scientifically excavated until 1947, when Robinson began his work under the auspices of the Commission for the Preservation of Natural and Historical Monuments and Relics of Southern Rhodesia.

The findings are described in detail in the body of the book as well as the logic and assumptions underlying the interpretation of the evidence. The reader is able to judge for himself the soundness of the interpretations and in most cases Robinson's are unassailable because of his careful restraint in remaining within the confines of his data.

The ruins are the remains of buildings built on raised platforms supported by stone work. These platforms supported one or more huts of mud, wood and thatch. Stratification of remains on the site reveals a fairly straightforward picture of its settlement history. The earliest remains, predating the stone ruins, are those of middle stone age hunters. These are followed after a gap of some thousands of years by a people who knew how to make pottery, used iron and

copper, and practised agriculture and stock-breeding. The next level of occupation after a short break is that associated with the skilled stone wall builders. This the author terms Khami Ruins Culture.

These people were also metal users, agriculturalists and stock-breeders, but in addition hunted large quantities of game. Their pottery is quite different from earlier levels. The author finds it typical of sites formerly occupied by a people called the Rozwi. He then attempts through the use of oral traditions to relate the Rozwi to the contemporary Venda peoples of Rhodesia. Certainly there are Venda today who consider themselves to be descended from a group known as the Rozwi and some of their myths speak of a cultural past not unlike that which can be reconstructed for the Khami ruins. However, it is necessary to treat this possible continuity with some skepticism until more ethnological and archeological work has been carried out.

Finally the author points out that the Khami ruins are in all essentials indistinguishable from those at Zimbabwe, 200 miles east of the site. It is concluded that all the southern Rhodesian ruins so far excavated represent a similar cultural horizon differing somewhat in pottery and ceremonial objects and probably independent or semi-independent politically. For a variety of reasons, including some Nanking china fragments, Robinson regards 1700 as the earliest probable date for wall building at Khami. This is consistent with his conclusion that the culture practised at the site is still remembered in the oral traditions of contemporary peoples.

Appendices to the book include descriptions and analyses of pottery, metal, bone and ivory objects, a very useful account of local traditions concerning the ruins, and a

complete inventory of the objects excavated. Diagrams and illustrations are generously used throughout the text, although this reviewer would have liked a diagram or drawing reconstructing the site during its heyday.

From the point of view of cultural history the book leaves much to be desired, although it is without doubt a competent site report. Thus there is no attempt to give the reader any idea about how cultures grew and developed in the region. Nothing is said about the beginnings of stock-breeding, about the demographic characteristics of the populations who lived at this site, or about the climatological history of the region and its possible effects upon the culture history. Thus one of the chief reasons for the unassailability of Robinson's work is its unimaginativeness. What is needed now is more archeology, not only in this same region, but throughout all of sub-Saharan Africa. This should not merely describe excavations and give some indication of possible relations to other sites. If future research is to be of real value, then it should be designed to answer some of the general problems of African culture history.

Ronald Cohen

THE MAGIC-MAKER E. E. CUMMINGS: Charles Norman; Macmillan; pp. 400; \$8.00.

Biographical sources on contemporary writers are rare—there is still no life of T. S. Eliot, or W. H. Auden, or Ezra Pound—but biographies and materials on some of the poets are now filing in (Dylan Thomas, Vachel Lindsay, Hart Crane, Robert Frost) and we are beginning to see some of our poets from the human side as well as the public and the artistic. Cummings, the master craftsman among poets, chief lyricist, and playful artificer of the alphabet, fortun-



BROWSING MOOSE

THOREAU MACDONALD

ately has a biographical study before any full-length work of criticism has appeared on his poetry.

Oddly enough, however, Charles Norman's life of E. E. Cummings contains very little life. It's good reading, mind you, and valuable reading; but it isn't packed with incident or personality. Like most biographies of living men, it is highly adulatory and uncritical. The writer is a long-standing friend of the poet. Apart from early life and boyhood, he offers little of the close personal revelation that would show us the living human being in his diurnal round. Instead we have interesting documentary evidence on several literary and public actions: Cummings' part in bringing out a college anthology, his wartime imprisonment in France (*The Enormous Room*), his trip to Russia and the writing of *Eimi*, his showing up at a "Freedom Broadcast" that refused to admit the poems he had selected for it, his similar battle over a poem on the Hungarian Revolution. Cummings himself seems to be withdrawn into the shadows of the background, a very exclusive and secluded person, who would be as embarrassed and offended as T. S. Eliot if anything of his private life were called upon for examination. Perhaps that's as it should be (we are as puritanical in this as the Victorians), only Cummings strikes me as more private and secretive than one would expect from his poetry. Unlike his Negroes about whom he says "They're so alive . . ." he himself is either quite moribund or has reserved his aliveness for very intimate sessions with his friends and loves. At any rate, there is little of that in this book.

The fact is that E.E.C. is a bundle of paradoxes unlike any modern poet we know. Most poets harbor one or two contradictions that make them great; but he has at least a half-dozen. He is a true heir of Harvard and New England, the faithful son of Rev. Edward Cummings of the Old South Church in Boston; yet he knocks the genteel tradition to smithereens in several poems. The general tenor of his bohemianism in poetry stands in contrast to the quiet reserve he exemplifies in life. He is a poet who annotates and confirms the American ideal, with Whitman, Sandburg, and Williams (they have at least that in common); but he abhors most patriotic loyalties, and he blasts the intrusions of the real America that inflict themselves on his withdrawing attention. He is an extreme modernist and experimentalist, yet he rejects modernity in every direction, hates radio—doesn't own one, not to speak of a TV set—and keeps out of the telephone directory. He writes against intellectuality and the use of abstract ideas (against philosophy, religion, and science) and approves only of innocence and feeling; yet his poetry is a cerebral game, and his mind is obviously a hum of intellectual wheels. He insists on love, with murderous wit. His obsessions of imagery and his alphabetic technicality show a beautiful infantilism forever delighted at some pre-adolescent level; yet he has lived a secluded, childless, quiet life that has nothing of the exuberance or clamor of the prolific child-loving family man.

How much light on these paradoxes does Mr. Norman's biography give? Very little. It provides some of the paradoxes, and sharpens the contrasts, as one compares the book with the *Collected Poems*, but it does not even admit the problem. The mystery of a very unusual personality is not touched.

A small hint of the real key may lie in Cummings' devotion to his parents, especially his father, and in his ideal vision of his early years. There is the poem to his parents that he has made a standard item in his reading repertoire. The events of his life, cut in two by the incident of World War I, have never fulfilled the promise of the beginning. It is as though he had ceased to live as an active man and had let poetry play the substitute. He has never succeeded to or wanted to emulate his father, the all-capable hero of his

childhood. He has sat at the idol's feet composing childlike poems instead. It is only as a child that he has rebelled and been naughty at times, a very different thing from radical rebellion. Cummings is a conservative, not a radical. His real moving principle is unadulterated love—not sex, but love as in Blake's Garden of Love. The tigers of wrath in Cummings' world are stuffed-rag ones, very delightful monsters too—"T" is for tiger—and the infantine elephant is his pet. This should not prevent us with our superior seriousness from enjoying his play. He is no less an artist, for all that, the most conscientious, perhaps the most perfect of our time. Biography, however, calls forth a criticism of the life, as it adds another distorting dimension to the understanding of poetry.

Louis Dudek

CHARLES DICKENS: THE WORLD OF HIS NOVELS: J. Hillis Miller; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 346; \$7.95.

During the past twenty years or so, Charles Dickens has been presented to us in a good many critical guises. There was the privately tormented Dickens, struggling to escape the stain of the blacking factory and sublimating his inner violence by social protest or sensational melodrama. There was the Marxist Dickens, condemning a whole system and looking forward to its spontaneous combustion. There was the Dickens "world", social and historical enough in the book by Humphry House, but in his successors increasingly a matter of image and atmosphere, almost Brontean in its nature, and often special to each individual novel. We have also had the fairy-tale Dickens, telling his archetypal stories of Little Nell the Snow Maiden and Quilp the fiery Demon against a solid but ultimately irrelevant Victorian décor. Finally (for the moment) we recognize the dialectical, even existentialist, Dickens, whose characters try to create their identities in a perpetual debate with the world.

Mr. Miller's Dickens is basically the last one, but he calls into play all of them except the first. He examines "the search for selfhood" in the characters of the novels and tries to show Dickens' increasingly subtle and humane understanding of that search. The argument is close-knit and carefully sustained by a wealth of quotation and psychological analysis. I was particularly impressed by the pages on *Martin Chuzzlewit*. What I miss in Mr. Miller's high-powered and sometimes ruthless book is much sense of the novels' narrative form, of the way their material is broken up and developed by serial presentation. And his habit of piecing together into a mosaic phrases from widely assorted parts of a work gives Dickens an oddly static look. To put it another way, Mr. Miller tends to lose the narrative in the pattern.

OUR FRIEND JAMES JOYCE: Mary and Padraic Colum; Doubleday; pp. 238; \$4.50.

Re-Joyce! Re-Joyce! Of the making of footnotes to the personal and literary career of the fabulous artificer there is no end. This double reminiscence by the Colums begins with the days when Joyce attended the Royal University Dublin and Mary Colum knew him there only by sight and hearsay, takes us through the early Paris days when the Colums and Joyces were neighbors and visited one another frequently and ends in the years not long before the death of Joyce when they met less often.

Mary Colum's contribution to this duet is much briefer than that of her poet husband, and she writes much less easily, particularly when recounting what is painful to her, as her memory of the breakdown of Joyce's only daughter. Joyce seems to have felt a deep if belated responsibility for Lucia's misfortunes, and Mary Colum did what she could to help. Although she says, "I would not say that

WANTED—GENUINE FREE ENTERPRISE (Continued from front page)

It would be a disastrous blow to freedom of information and discussion if the government allows this consolidation to go further. The Board of Broadcast Governors, which is charged with the duty of advising the cabinet on the granting of licenses, ought to adopt as a guiding principle the rule that it will not recommend licenses for interests already in either the publishing or broadcasting business. The chairman of the Board, Dr. Andrew Stewart, indicated some time ago that this was in his mind when he remarked that it would not be the policy of the BBG to give additional privileges to those who already had them.

This is the correct approach and one which will have to be followed if the evils of monopolistic control are to be avoided in the vitally important area of communication. What is required to keep democracy healthy is as much free enterprise as possible in the presentation of news, comment, and discussion, not an unholy alliance of newspapers, radio, and television.

The board will no doubt hear all sorts of pleas from publishers and broadcasting companies that they have the "experience" to operate television stations. This is nonsense, of course. There is no more inherent relationship between publishing a paper, running a radio station, and producing television programs than there is between obstetrics, pharmacy, and embalming. The proprietors are simply hankering after the economies — and profits — of large scale operation, and the power that goes with it.

Prime Minister Diefenbaker will have the last say in the allocation of licenses. Fortunately his commendable zeal for the cause of civil liberties will make him well aware of the dangers of monopoly and the necessity of maintaining as free a flow of information as possible.

Joyce was a very good parent; he was too deeply immersed in his work," she seems to have realized something of his suffering in the matter.

The first section, mostly the work of Padraic Colum gives us his version of the artist as a young man in Dublin. Fortunately we can round out these sketchy impressions with Stanislaus Joyce's much more detailed account in *My Brother's Keeper*. Colum does however throw some light on the sad story of the suppression of the *Dubliners* manuscript by Maunsel and Company. He quotes from a letter in which the publishers finally threaten Joyce with a suit for damages for "offering for publication a book which as he should know is clearly libellous." This was of course after it had been accepted and set up in type. "Thus" says Colum, "the author's hopes about his first serious work were almost maniacally destroyed." Banishment indeed! He returned to Paris.

There are glimpses here of the Shakespeare Head Bookshop and Miss Sylvia Beach its proprietress who was of so much help to Joyce and his family. The shop itself became the centre of a Joyce coterie for a time and such names as that of James Stephens and that of Gorman crop up in the Colum memories. It is indeed a mosaic impression, made of bits and pieces without a chronological scheme, sometimes rather flat and certainly bordered in black, for all the bright flashes. Nevertheless it adds something to our knowledge of this strangest and most wonderful writer of our epoch.

H.T.K.

THE YEARS WITH ROSS: James Thurber; Little, Brown; pp. 310; \$5.50.

Behind the smooth exterior of the *New Yorker* there was, as everyone knows, the rugged uncompromising individuality of its editor, Harold K. Ross, a sort of bare foot boy with

cheek and an uncanny flair for collecting writers and comic artists who would give his publication the carefree tone he sought for and maintained for twenty-seven years. Indeed so firmly were the foundations laid that the magazine has continued in the way he planned and directed it for the eight years since his death, although with all its excellence the latter-day reader may sometimes feel that the formula has become too slick in the interval.

Thurber is Thurber, and this book which grew out of a series of articles in the *Atlantic Monthly* is now in its seventh printing, although its anecdotalism is not all new. Some of the material here recounted is familiar from Margaret Harriman's *Vicious Circle* and the profiles in Woolcott Gibbs' *More in Anger* both of which have been reviewed previously in the *Forum*. Thurber tells his series of yarns about Ross in his usual gently moonstruck manner and furbishes them with some of his insanely fascinating drawing.

The quality of this verbal portrait cannot be conveyed without longer quotations than space allows here but this is Thurber on Ross on Women; "It takes two or more women to surround the average man, but Harold Ross could look as beleaguered as Custer in the presence of only one." He once said, "Goddamit, I hate the idea of going around with female hormones in me." He was thrice married but no domestic arrangement could withstand the competition of his devotion to the *New Yorker*.

Ross on Punctuation provides Thurber with an opportunity to quote the English journalist who said that Ross's biography should be called *The Century of the Comma Man*. His notes to writers on their style must have sometimes brought tears to the eyes of the recipients, frequently and unintentionally tears of laughter for he had many literary blind spots, but in all the wistfully funny stories Thurber chooses to tell there is nothing but profound admiration for Ross's anxious perfectionism as an editor.

Ross must have been a more forceful and effective man than this book would have us believe. Thurber's picture is that of a sort of hayseed turning out a knowing and sophisticated periodical while worriedly chewing on a straw (from Oklahoma). What he meant to the writers he championed and through them to North American readers whom he never underestimated is implicit in every part of this account and it is one to give hope to idealistic editors, downcast writers and timid backers of journalistic enterprises. Ross's standards created a veritable showcase for the best of periodical writing from both sides of the Atlantic. Thurber draws him lovingly and keeps the touch light.

Hilda Kirkwood

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